

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY BY

GENTLEMEN

OF

*Devonshire and Cornwall.*

VOL. I.



P. O. F. M. S.

UNITED STATES

Department of Commerce

Vol. I

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY BY

*K*  
GENTLEMEN

OF

DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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Bath

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P. O. B. M. S.  
CENTRE  
DEVONSHIRE AND CORNWALL  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
W. Forryth



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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**I**T was a mere accidental circumstance that suggested the idea of the following collection: but with this the public have no concern. They are more interested in the information, that the greater part of these poems was never before printed.

With respect to the arrangement of the poems, the reader will perceive, that they are classed according to their different species; and that, in each class, they generally succeed each other, according to the alphabetical direction of their signatures.

For the Signatures,

D. R.		M.
F.		N.
I. B. C.		V.
K.		W. D.
L. E.		Y.

the Editor is not at liberty to mention any name. The diffidence of the writers imposes on him this restraint. Yet, of one piece in particular, though it remain anonymous, he cannot suppress his sentiments.

The

The *Ode* signed G. must be ranked among the happiest productions of a young and glowing imagination. It is written with all the delicacy of COLLINS: while it preserves the independence of an original, it breathes all his sensibilities—all his fine spirit! The very soul of COLLINS seems to have been transfused into its author! With regard to the other signatures, the Editor is happy in being permitted to gratify the curiosity of his readers.

The Poem with the signature B. was written by the late Rev. SAMUEL BADCOCK. Perhaps it is the only one remaining, by his elegant pen, which he would not have chosen to conceal from the public.

The Poems signed B. E. were written by Mr. JOHN BAMPFYLDE. All who read these specimens will probably join with his friends in lamenting, that the early promises of an amiable and accomplished mind were frustrated by a cruel, and, it is to be feared, an irrecoverable disorder.

But it is with the most lively satisfaction, that the Editor announces the author of the poems signed D. Dr. DOWNMAN, M.D. of *Exeter*; to attempt a delineation of whose literary character would be, in this place, frivolous and impertinent; though his poetical assistance,

assistance, on the present occasion, deserves the warmest acknowledgment, since the little he hath contributed, stamps a value on the work, which must necessarily secure it from oblivion.

D. E. is the signature of EDWARD DREWE, esq; of *Exeter*. The "*Military Sketches*" of this gentleman, humourous, spirited, and brilliant, have been for several years before the public; who have just cause, indeed, to regret that he has not favoured them with other specimens of his talents. And these few pieces of Mr. DREWE, whilst they reflect fresh lustre on him as a poet, must excite a wish that his literary pursuits were less interrupted.

The poems marked E. are the production of Mr. EMMETT, of *Exeter*. It was with difficulty that the Editor could prevail on this gentleman to suffer his name to be mentioned. Such modesty is the surest criterion of that merit which Mr. EMMETT's poetry more peculiarly possesses; the merit of refined sentiment—of an elegant and feeling mind.

In the mean time it was an honour for which the Editor could scarcely hope, in moments of the most sanguine expectation, to have the "*Poet of Arthur*" for his associate in this work. But to be favoured  
with



with such fine original pieces as his *Odes to Terror*,\* and to *Melancholy*, was a mark of attention to the Editor, which checked, in silent gratitude, every effort to acknowledge it.

The beautiful Elegy on *Dunkeswell Abbey* in *Devonshire*, signed H. T. is the production of Miss HUNT, daughter of the late Dr. HUNT, Rector of *Stoke-Doyle* in *Northamptonshire*. P. is the signature for the Rev. R. POLWHELE; and S. for the Rev. JOHN SWETE, of *Oxton-House*, near *Exeter*.

Mr. SWETE, who, in these volumes, is, for the first time, enrolled among authors, had he before condescended to entertain the public, would, doubtless, have attracted the public attention. Of his MSS. in prose and verse, his friends are well acquainted with the merits: But of those numerous effusions, the pleasing Sonnets here printed will convey a very inadequate idea.

For the Poems signed W. we are indebted to the late Rev. THOMAS WARWICK, a gentleman of *Cornwall*; who, though his publications, from a strange fatality, have been little regarded, was yet gifted with

\* Mr. HOLLE's pieces are signed H.

the *vivida vis* of the poet, as his Lyrics evidently shew. His Odes, it must be owned, are often obscure; but this is owing to an abruptness which is never forced or affected. They are fiery: they are enthusiastic: they will remain, indeed, the too expressive types of a life irregular and eccentric, and of a death that put a sudden period to the career of his genius and his pleasures.

The Rev. STEPHEN WESTON, late rector of *Mambrad*, and now resident in *London*, is the author of the Poems that bear the signature of W. N. The literary world are greatly obliged to this gentleman for his elaborate criticisms, both classical and scriptural; in which he hath displayed a familiar acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew languages.

Those signed W. R. were written by the Rev. JOHN WHITAKER, rector of *Ruan-Lanyborne*, in *Cornwall*; whose friendship the Editor is proud to boast. The veteran historian disdains not to come forward as a poet. And it is with some degree of triumph, that the Editor announces his appearance; since the same vigor of mind, the same uncommon nervousness, and the same fervor that distinguish his historical works, are equally characteristic of his poetical.

Such

Such are the principal authors of this collection. Of the Poems themselves it would ill become the Editor to say more than he has already said: He neither presumes nor wishes to anticipate the public opinion of them. That the criticism to which they are submitted, will be candid and liberal, he has every reason to be assured. Yet there is often a difficulty in determining the merits of a book of this description; and, even where no suspicion of any improper prepossession is entertained, the decision is not always satisfactory. In discriminating the character of such a collection, there is nothing more obvious than a comparison between the respective authors of it. An *invidious* comparison, however, the critic will doubtless avoid; though he need not scrupulously balance his applauses. The greater number of the authors of these poems rejoice in being friends—superior to every mean competition; who are truly interested in each other's success; and who, at present, have all ideas of comparative excellence perfectly absorbed in the pleasure of thus uniting in an elegant pursuit, which may contribute to the stock of polite literature.

January 12th, 1792.





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TO

*ELIZA,*

---

ON HER

*MARRIAGE.*

---

AH! never—never will thy beauteous eye  
Again illumine this dark and cheerless mind?  
Must every fond idea fly,  
And mix with shades of night;  
Nor e'er again this bosom find  
To gild with its delusive light,  
And chase the thickening gloom of melancholy?  
Farewell, romantic scenes of Arcady!  
And all that Poets sing of fairy land  
By the mild breath of zephyr fann'd,

Farewell!—capricious fate to me denies  
The eager joy, the mute surprize,  
The nameless, but delicious melodies,  
That borrow'd all their charms from love and thee,  
Dear Harmonist of moral minstrelsy!  
Which struck the thrilling chords within,  
Giving “the music of the spheres,”  
Extatic, though serene,  
The gentle breathings of angelic airs;  
And made the trembling HEART—thy LYRE,  
Now soothe to sweet repose, now wake to soft desire.

B.

*Badcock*



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---

ODE

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TO THE  
*RIVER TEIGN.*

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---

OH Thou! the guardian of each floweret pale  
That decks thy lonely brim; whether thy car,  
Hoarse-murmuring from afar,  
Foams down the dark and solitary vale;  
Or thro' yon meads thy peaceful current roves,  
Where 'mid the pendent umbrage pleas'd to stray,  
Thou shun'st the noon-tide ray  
Which gilds the encircling majesty of groves;  
Hail, holy Sire! whilst keen remorse corrodes,  
Sicken'd with pleasure's pangs this aching heart,  
Thy fresh'ning streams impart,  
And take, oh take me to thy blest abodes!  
But if, led on by Heaven's decree, t' explore  
The depths and shoals of fortune, once again  
I trust the faithless main,  
Torn from thy desert caves and solemn roar;

Give me at length, from storms secure, and woes  
Of latest age, to lose the silent hours,  
And in thy awful bowers  
Enshroud me far from men in deep repose.

B. E.

*Bampfylde*

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STANZAS

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TO

A LADY.

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I.

IN vain from clime to clime I stray,  
 To chase thy beauteous form away,  
 And banish every care;  
 In vain to quit thy charms I try,  
 Since every thought creates a sigh,  
 And every wish a tear.

II.

Ask, wafting on my plaints, the breeze,  
 If ought can lend a moment's ease,  
 Or ought my grief assuage;  
 Oh! it will tell thee how I trace  
 With pain each step, each ling'ring pace,  
 And think each hour an age.



## III.

Yon setting sun, whose placid smile  
Shall quickly gild thy western isle,  
No pleasure yields to me;  
My longing eyes ne'er cease to stream,  
To follow every fading beam  
Which parts, to fall on thee.

B. E.

*Bampfylde*

---



---

---

ODE

---

---

TO

HONOUR.

---

---

I.

O Thou! by numerous votaries sought,  
 Who seem to speak extatic thought!  
 While conscious of internal shame,  
 Their tongues alone proclaim thy name.  
 Often invoked with impious prayer,  
 T' embellish falshood's flimsy air,  
 Deep to conceal, or sanctify  
 The wily fraud, and treacherous lye,  
 To palliate horrid deeds, and chase  
 The gloom of secret guilt from the stern murtherer's  
 face.

II.

Much-injured Honour! where resides  
 Thy spotless form? with haughty strides

Ambition rises o'er the throng,  
And towers in gawdy state along:  
Dost thou attend, to guide his heart  
Amid th' intangled paths of art?  
With him the tricks of state pursue?  
With him the bold *finesse* indue?  
By which his crimes he veils in night,  
And couching close beneath escapes the public sight?

## III.

Or hath the iron-moulded breast  
Of avarice e'er one beam posset  
Of thy bright essence? Hath it shone  
Around the tyrant's purple throne,  
Who glorying in superior force,  
Impetuous speeds his wasteful course  
Through unoffending regions? These  
Thy steadfast eye with scorn surveys,  
Though fools the titled slave admire,  
The specious charms of gold, the heroes' vaunted fire.

## IV.

Neglected power! who now intwine  
The votive garland for thy shrine?  
Erewhile, by thee, the Patriot stood  
Undaunted 'mid corruption's flood,  
And erring multitudes in vain  
Opposed th' asserter of thy reign.



Or Liberty's brave sons he led,  
And nobly fought, or calmly bled.  
Thus **HAMDEN** seal'd his generous plan,  
Thus **SIDNEY**, Britain's boast, th' unshaken friend of  
man.

V.

What, but thy vigour, raised elate  
The great **ATHENIAN** o'er his fate?  
When in the dark abode confined,  
No fetters held th' expanded mind?  
When teaching to the listening youth  
The serious depths of moral truth,  
Each just, each philosophic grace,  
While pitying tears bedew'd their face,  
With tranquil dignity of soul  
He smiled on vanquish'd death, and quaff'd the  
envenom'd bowl.

VI.

Nor did the Patriot, and the Sage,  
More splendid names, alone engage  
Thy favour; oft of yore to thee  
*Arcadia's* offspring bent the knee,  
When innocence collegued with love,  
Ere base deceit the rural grove  
Had blasted with malignant air,  
And strife's rude step had enter'd there.

Well-pleased t' inspire the Doric strain,  
And teach the yielding maid to bless th' enamour'd  
swain.

## VII.

And still, deserting pomp and pride,  
Thou deignst with Nature to reside,  
The humble paths of life to tread,  
Beneath the grot recline thy head,  
To Nature's progeny impart  
Each social feeling of the heart,  
Knit firmer each domestic bond,  
Each relative affection fond,  
Excite each elegant desire,  
And hear the poet tune his free unblemisht lyre.

## VIII.

O deckt with every mental charm!  
Not all the radiant tints that warm  
Th' emphatic and harmonious lay,  
Can his transcendent worth pourtray,  
Who joins not fortune's fickle croud,  
Or stoops before her minions proud;  
Whose breast no specious guiles entice,  
Who mocks the blandishment of vice,  
Thy sacred stamp within beholds,  
And from that glowing type his lucid conduct moulds.

IX.

When verse is silent, who shall give  
 Intrinsic excellence to live?  
 To thee belongs his meed divine,  
 The grateful task is solely thine,  
 Fair Virtue! Honour's other name!  
 For two ye are not, but the same.  
 'Tis thine to fix his glory's date  
 Far, far beyond this transient state,  
 To bid him this low world despise,  
 With thee to soar aloft, and gain thy native skies.

D.

*Downman*





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ODE

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TO THE

GENIUS

OF

ANTIENT GREECE.

1760.

---



---

I. 1.

GENIUS of GRAIA old!  
 What joy extatic fill'd thy breast,  
 When with ardent transport bold,  
 By every muse sublime possest,  
 Where *Dirce's* lucid currents glide;  
 Or *Alpheus* winds his sacred tide,  
 Gleaming the laurel shades among,  
 PINDAR disclosed the golden store  
 Of harmony, unlock'd before,  
 And breath'd his new-created song!

I. 2.

When he the champion's skill displays,  
Engaged in emulative strife;  
When in his more than mortal lays,  
He crowns the sinewy wrestler's force,  
Th' impetuous racer's eager course,  
And sheds on virtue, the best meed of life,  
Fresh blossoms from the branch of fame;  
Doth not his warmth our minds inflame?  
Doth not our raptured heart inhale  
Some little portion of the heavenly gale?

I. 3.

We feel his warmth; before our eyes,  
Unchanged th' essential forms arise.  
We see them start; we hear the sound;  
The rattling chariots shake the ground:  
See *Theron's* coursers skim the plain,  
Panting through each generous vein:  
See *Hiero's* steed, with proud delight,  
Urged by the goad of conscious might,  
His way to glorious victory wing  
For his triumphant Lord, rich *Syracusa's* king.

II. 1.

Thrice happy land! design'd  
T' imbibe the muses' choicest rays!

Where exulting myriads join'd  
 The conqueror and the bard to praise.  
 Where worth, despising envy, shone,  
 Its due reward where science won,  
 The moral, and historic strain,  
 Tragic woe, and lyric fire.  
 Ah! shall not *Britain* e'er aspire  
 Renown's co-equal palm to gain?

## II. 2.

Say, shall the soul-enkindling love  
 Of glory, and its vigorous aim,  
 Our northern bosoms fail to move?  
 Shall we not toils, nay death, embrace,  
 To vindicate our free-born race?  
 Shall we not all its rightful honours claim?  
 Glory! supreme, refulgent Power!  
 Whose blaze illumined PINDAR'S bower?  
 Glory! whose voice the games decreed,  
 The patriot hero form'd, and taught to bleed?

## II. 3.

To question this, were impious now:  
 To *Greece* no more shall *Britain* bow,  
 While PITT excites her warrior train,  
 While HAWKE and SANDERS awe the subject main,  
 While WOLF'S intrepid spirit bright  
 Still animates the ranks of fight;



While GRAY ascends and meets the morn  
 High on the Theban plumage borne,  
 The noon-tide sun undazzled views,  
 Or through the Western sky his milder beams  
 pursues.

D.

*Downman*



---

THE  
TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY,

---

A COLLEGE EXERCISE.

1761.

---

IMMORTAL PHOEBUS! Power divine!  
At whose command the *Aonian* Nine  
Their votary's panting soul inspire  
With fancy's bright celestial fire,  
With strong ideas, soaring thought,  
Gay wit, with liveliest vigour fraught:  
Dictate the bold, the nervous line,  
The nobly-elegant design:  
Instruct his eager feet to stray  
Through fiction's flower-besprinkled way;  
Or range the large ethereal round,  
Creation's wide-encircling bound.  
O God! without an invocation  
To whom, what bard throughout the nation

On wing poetic would endeavour  
To mount aloft, though e'er so clever?  
But here, where *Isis* claims my rhyme,  
So great the subject, so sublime,  
Here not to invoke thy godship, reason  
Would justly say is downright treason;  
And since I'm conscious of the fitness,  
I'll invoke thee with a witness.

O kind! benignant! deign to hear  
The fond request, the anxious prayer!  
Enlightening Power! to thee I bow:  
Oh! bid my ravisht spirit glow  
With generous heat, as I inhale  
Thy gift, the warm Parnassian gale;  
Prompt thou the high-aspiring strain,  
Nor let my lyre be strung in vain.

CHARLES, *back restored*, demands the lay,  
No vulgar theme; say Godhead, say,  
Where shall begin the dubious song  
To pour its harmony along?  
Some hoary *Genius* shall I raise?  
Or bid a *Dryad* twine the bays?  
Or, as the painted vessels ride  
Upon the now *exulting* tide,  
The blue-eyed *Naiads'* mazes trace,  
Or the green *Tritons'* sportive race?



Describe the *Dolphins* playing round,  
 While *Neptune*, through the vast profound,  
 Bids the soft *Zephyrs* gently sigh,  
 Wafting along the watery sky  
 The ship, which bears the precious load,  
 The care peculiar of the god?  
 For without *Geniuses*, and *Dryads*,  
*Dolphins*, and *Tritons*, *Zephyrs*, *Naiads*,  
 How is it possible to reach  
 Those heights, illustrious critics teach?

Or farther onward shall my strains  
 Proceed? o'er ALBION's happy plains  
 Relate what ardent transport flew,  
 The fires that blaz'd, the joyful cries  
 Ascending to the concave skies,  
 When his glad people's longing view  
 The hero of my verse regain'd?  
 Then *Civil Discord* blood-distain'd,  
 Then fierce *Rebellion* bellowing fled,  
 And *Faction* hid her snake-crown'd head:  
 Vanish'd each *Fury* at his sight,  
 While *Peace* in olive robe bedight,  
 And full-horn'd *Plenty* hand in hand  
 Frolick'd o'er the laughing land,  
 The *Graces* of enchanting mien,  
 And *Liberty* with brow serene.

Thanks for thy aid, O great APOLLO!  
 I see, I've beat my rivals hollow.  
 What poet dares with me to vie,  
 Blest with thy favouring deity?  
 What vast sublimity of diction  
 Is here! what truth-resembling fiction!  
 Methinks I spy a new creation!  
 How fine is Per-so-ni-fi-cation!

Now as the sprightly song proceeds,  
 I'll celebrate his future deeds.  
 Sure he, who laid such monsters prostrate,  
 Must be a champion of the first rate:  
 With extasy the Muse shall scan  
 The worth of this *immortal man*,—  
 Not glory priz'd, or virtue sought,  
 Not realms subdu'd, or victories got,  
 Not science crown'd, or learning prais'd,  
 Not vice deprest, or merit rais'd,  
 But every captive art a prey  
 To Folly's base luxurious sway!  
 To sweet-breath'd notes I'll tune my lyre,  
 To amorous dalliance, warm desire;  
 Paint BACCHUS, ruddy, shining, sleek,  
 His rolling eyes, his flushing cheek,  
 His jolly, mirthful train I'll sing,  
 And in the midst th' enraptur'd king.

Ah! PHOEBUS, why this jarring strain?  
Why the breast which pants in vain?  
Dost thou all further help refuse?  
Is this unworthy of the Muse?  
This theme, which each revolving year  
Delighted Isis wont to hear?  
But thou forbid'st the fond design,  
I yield at thy command divine:  
Yes, unpropitious! I obey,  
And, though unwilling, cease my lay.

D.

---

*Downman*



---

---

ODE

---

---

TO

DR. BLACKLOCK.

1767.

---

---

I.

WHEN pleas'd each beauty to peruse,  
 Young Fancy on the heavenly Muse  
 Astonisht gazes, while Delight  
 Pregnant with rapture, at the sight  
 Thrills thro' the Poet's trembling frame,  
 And lights th' enthusiastic flame;  
 Ambition generating wings,  
 His mortal robe away he flings :  
 With her he keenly longs to fly  
 Through the wide regions of the sky,  
 With her each deep, effulgent source to explore,  
 Where never human glance hath pierc'd before.

## II.

And will not all the good and kind  
 Applaud the warm adventurous mind  
 Thus boldly daring? Ah! may ne'er  
 The worse than pestilential air,  
 Inhal'd by Envy on the bank  
 Of drear *Cocytus*, ever dank  
 With poisonous vapours, blast his way!  
 Still in the blaze of purest day  
 May modest Merit lift her head!  
 Still on her graceful cheeks be spread  
 The well-becoming blush, born of the sense  
 Of conscious worth, and towering excellence!

## III.

Do thou, O *Genius*! unconfin'd  
 As the wild pennons of the wind  
 Skirting the *Andes'* craggy brow,  
 Immerst in everlasting snow,  
 Which thence with burst impetuous sweep  
 Through air, and o'er the maddening deep,  
 Be his! and thou be ever near  
*Judgement*, thou sage-ey'd friend severe!  
 Thou, solely potent to controul  
 The sallying passions of the soul,  
 To guide, retard, accelerate their course,  
 Depress, or rouse them with redoubled force.

## IV.

Nor may the sullen-brooding cares,  
The pallid doubts, and shuddering fears,  
The heart-sick pangs which anxious strife  
Sows thick upon the paths of life,  
Whence darting through th' unhallow'd mould,  
As from the dragon's teeth of old,  
Springs up Despair a fiend more fell  
Than thought can frame, or language tell,  
Their gloomy shades around him fling,  
The affrightening note of horror sing,  
Chase the fair form of Pleasure from his breast,  
Her lively smiles, and balmy-breathing zest.

## V.

Oh! should the stern relentless fates  
Compel him to the scenes he hates,  
Drag him from each enchanting view,  
On which her tints of roseate hue  
Loveliest Imagination cast;  
Let Memory, parent of the past,  
Wave o'er his head her magic wand!  
And often, guided by her hand,  
Let him revisit the gay groves  
Where sport the frolic-winged Loves,  
Mild-air'd Benevolence, ingenuous Truth,  
And all the powers which wait on blameless youth.



## VI.

Yet, may the evening of his day  
Be gilded with a peaceful ray,  
Serene as *Titan's* setting beams,  
Soothing as happy lovers' dreams!  
Let not Disease with deadly pale  
O'erspread his face; but from the gale  
May jocund Health benignly spring,  
And fan him with her genial wing!  
Deep may her piercing influence find  
An easy passage to his mind,  
Still keep alive the warm creative glow,  
Still bid the flowers of early genius blow!

## VII.

This be the last to fade, the fire  
Which animates with strong desire  
The soul above herself to rise  
And mingle with the deities!  
Thus he, the bard whose youthful lay  
Sung Mirth and Laughter ever gay,  
Who Anguish of her sting disarm'd,  
The soul of Melancholy charm'd,  
By life's tempestuous billows tost,  
To each ethereal maid was lost;  
At length he sought their haunts, aloft he flew,  
And Heaven, and God's bright throne, lay open to  
his view.

VIII.

No, BLACKLOCK; while the soul remains,  
 In vain disuse hath forg'd her chains;  
 One vigorous effort sets her free,  
 And gives her perfect liberty.  
 Thy lyre of yore the Muses strung,  
 They taught the warblings of thy tongue;  
 Whether thy lays describ'd the course  
 Of Fortitude and Virtue's source,  
 Whether upon the vernal plain  
*Urania* heard thy tender strain,  
 Whether thy own unhappy state,  
 And all the wayward strokes of fate,  
 Thy voice disclos'd, in notes which drew the sigh  
 And trickling tear from sweet Humanity.

D.

*Downman*



---

*ODE*

---

TO

*MAY.*

---

YE rose-lipt Powers! who lightly skim  
O'er daisied lawn, by fountain brim,  
Or through th' aërial way;  
While rapture flows through every vein,  
With me attune the festive strain,  
And hail the birth of *MAY*.

Zephyr expands his genial wing,  
And wakes the children of the Spring,  
Who, breathing fragrance, rise;  
Nature exults with conscious pride,  
And from her radiant forehead, wide  
The beam of pleasure flies.



The warbling tenants of the shade,  
 With sweetest notes through every glade  
 Their hymn of transport pour;  
 The herds thy influence own, O May!  
 The countless myriads of the sea  
 Confess thy natal hour.

Thy natal hour, the laughing hills,  
 The jocund vales, the prattling rills,  
 The azure sky serene,—  
 Queen of the year, thy throne ascend!  
 While all things that exist, attend,  
 And bless thy bounteous reign.

D.

*Downman*



---

*ODE*

---

TO

*CANDOUR.*

---

O Lovely Virgin! thee of yore  
To manly Sense, Good-humour bore,  
Whom with the Wood-Nymphs he espied  
Sporting on *Ladon's* flowery side,  
While simple Nature was rever'd,  
And Truth the sylvan altar rear'd.  
There with the Graces didst thou stray,  
Who, smitten with thy infant play,  
Gave thee a robe of purest white,  
A girdle of transparent light:  
Till now mature, with blushes chaste,  
They join'd thy willing hand to Taste.  
He led thee to th' *Aonian* mount,  
Where bathing in the lucid fount,

Thou sought'st with speed the hallow'd quire,  
And heard'st with joy *Apollo's* lyre.  
Each Muse attun'd her sweetest lays,  
Intent to share thy heartfelt praise.

Soft inmate of the soul refin'd !  
To modest merit never blind !  
Whose lips are always slow to blame,  
Whose warm applause is more than fame.—  
Proud in its lone retreat to spy  
Virtue which shuns the illiberal eye,  
To save from Error's partial gloom,  
And bid Desert its rank assume ;  
Whom Envy views with look malign,  
And shrinking, owns thy power divine ;  
Whom hasty Censure's flippant train,  
And bigot Spleen, assail in vain ;  
Before whom Malice stands confest,  
Howe'er by wit or fancy drest ;  
Oh ! heed thy suppliant's humble prayer !  
Do thou, O Goddess, still be near !  
From falshood and from flattery free,  
Still may his bosom glow with thee !

D.

*Downman*

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THE  
RAPT BARD.

---

WRITTEN IN THE  
VALLEY OF STONES,  
NEAR  
LINTON IN DEVONSHIRE.

---

“HITHER, hither bend thine eye,  
See the sons of *Denmark* fly!  
Deep thunders roll  
From pole to pole,  
And light’ning gilds the murky sky.

See pale Fear  
Impels their rear!—  
Now, monarch! now, thy keen-edg’d falchion wield!  
Lo! there it gleams!  
The raven screams,  
With dark disastrous wing low brooding o’er the field.”

Thus sung the Bard, as far from human haunt  
Where *Devon* spreads her heathy desert wide,  
Reclin'd beneath a frowning rock he lay,  
Lull'd to soft slumber by the murmuring tide.

Yet there no fierce destructive light'nings flame,  
Nor round his head the battle's thunder roars:  
The silver moon maintains her azure throne,  
And plaintive billows die along the shores.

'Twas Sleep resistless loos'd the bands of sense,  
And to the power of fancy unconfin'd  
(That faery power with varying plumes adorn'd)  
Resign'd the empire of the poet's mind.

With curious eye and still unwearied step  
He sought by day where *Kenwith's* castle stood:  
Now Memory, awak'd by fancy's power,  
Full on his sight imprints the scene of blood.

Pour'd from the Northern hive with impious rage,  
Dire on our coast he saw the nations swarm;  
Saw *Odin's* power to *CHRIST's* pure banner yield,  
And *Scandinavia* own great *ALFRED's* arm.

"Alas! though *Denmark* war no more,  
Hostile nations seek our shore;  
Lo! I mark their dread advance,  
See the fleet of faithless *France!*

Now, hapless *Albion*, what avails  
Thy surge-compelling ships, thy storm-defying sails?

See! yon streaming meteor glare,  
Flaunting on the troubled air!  
'Tis proud Conquest's crimson throne,  
'Tis *Cordova's* gonfalon.

Mark! it waves to *Albion's* shores;  
Loud the *Bourbon* thunder roars;  
O'er our fleet hangs gaunt despair,  
Pale dismay and haggard care.

See! Terror's fury form on high,  
Infernal fires illume her blasting eye;

Aghast the chiefs of *Albion* fly.  
With relentless fang the bear  
Shall the vanquish'd lion tear;  
Wide through all the blue profound,  
War's shrill bird his clarion sound.

The mystic web of *Britain*, fate untwines;  
Deep, deep in blood proud *Albion's* sun declines!"

Bright morn approach'd—and o'er the prospect wide,  
From slumber rous'd, he cast his eager eye;  
Nor ALFRED's sword, nor *Danish* standard there,  
Nor dread *Cordova's* fatal fleet was nigh.

Where ALFRED's airy falchion drench'd the plain,  
The gentle zephyr kiss'd the perfum'd hay;



Where the hoarse raven's scream appall'd the night,  
The warbling linnet hail'd the opening day.

O'er *Severn's* flood, which fancy's pencil form'd  
Subject to *Bourbon's* soul-enslaving reign,  
Bright-gleaming sails, gilt by the orient ray,  
From princely *Bristol* seek the *Atlantic* main.

"Enchanting sight!" the poet cried,  
Hence wild delusion, gloomy care,  
Shall scenes of peace and joy like these  
Be ting'd with shades of dark despair?

What bounteous gifts are shower'd on thee,  
Oh! favour'd *Britain*, queen of isles!  
Say doth the circling year inclose  
A realm so blest with fortune's smiles?

Here pure Religion lifts sublime  
The meek, the heav'n-imploring eye,  
Regardless of the tyrant's threat,  
Secure in native liberty.

For Freedom, daughter of the sky,  
Extends around her bulwark wide,  
Stern and unyielding as thy cliffs,  
Which firmly brave the surgent tide.

Though Justice sheathe her awful sword,  
Yet what shall power or wealth avail?

Fix'd as yon pole her firm decree,  
Unmov'd as fate her equal scale.

Whilst far through earth, and sea, and air,  
The clang of arms terrific roars,  
Here Peace shall spread her downy wings,  
And love to hover round thy shores.

What though disaster shade awhile  
The once bright sunshine of thy day;  
Thy sun, O *Britain*, soon shall beam  
With strong, though less diffusive ray.

Oh! happy land, and still most blest,  
Accuse not then all righteous Heav'n;  
Nor murmur at the power whose arm  
Hath for thy faults correction giv'n.

But humbly bend thee to the stroke,  
Resign to him thy ev'ry care;  
So may he stay his chast'ning hand,  
And in his tender mercy spare.

So may he o'er his suff'ring child  
A parent's kind protection spread,  
And pour the wrath which threaten'd thee  
On *Bourbon's* rash, perfidious head."

D. E.

N. B. This Ode was written at the time when report said that Lord Howe's fleet was driven into the Bristol channel by the combined fleet under Cordova.

*Drewe*

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ODE

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AS PERFORMED AT

*THE ALTAR OF DISCORD,*

ON THE GREAT ANNIVERSARY OF THE MOST ANCIENT  
AND HONOURABLE FRATERNITY OF

*ANTI-MUSICIANS.*

COMPOSED BY ———,

FOUNDER AND GRAND PRESIDENT OF THE ORDER.

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*ODE TO DISCORD.*

RECITATIVE.

PREPARE, prepare, the mystic rites prepare!  
On high the emblazon'd magic standard rear;  
Whilst we with notes anti-harmonious, raise  
Our jarring voice to sacred Discord's praise.

AIR.

Hear, oh! sacred Goddess, hear:  
To thy throne we lift our prayer,  
If enshrin'd above the pole,  
Where the rumbling thunders roll,

*Chorus*



Thou reignst: or in yon dusky sky  
Where the whirring whirlwinds fly:—  
Or if more thou dost delight,  
Spouse of *Chaos*! child of night!  
Thy primeval throne to keep  
In the dark and hoary deep,  
Where with atom, atom jars  
Ceaseless ruin, ceaseless wars;  
Where the din of pealing sounds,  
Ancient nature's self astounds,  
And forces far away to fly  
The powers of hateful Harmony;  
Hear, oh! sacred Goddess, hear,  
Accept our vows, and grant our prayer,

## CHORUS.

Hear, Goddess, hear,  
Sacred Goddess, hear,  
Accept our vows, and grant our prayer.

AIR *continued.*

Or by some forest's shaggy side,  
From haunts of men and music wide,  
Thou sitt'st beneath the blasted oak,  
Enamour'd of the raven's croak;  
Whilst sounds terrific soothe thine ear;  
The mandrake's shriek, the grunt of bear,

The piercing scream of boding owl,  
And famish'd tiger's sullen howl;  
Hear, oh! sacred Goddess, hear,  
Accept our vows, and grant our prayer.

CHORUS.

Hear, Goddess, hear, &c.

AIR *continued.*

Or if more thou art wont to dwell  
In the miner's darkling cell,  
Where thy empire he maintains,  
With \*creak of wheel and clank of chains;  
Or if more thou art wont to sport  
In the city's wide resort,  
Where sounds unnumber'd mix in air,  
Concert well pleasing to thine ear;  
The tripe-girl's scream, the fish-wife's bawl,  
And ballad-singers hideous squall;  
Hammer's jangle, anvil's jar,  
Rumbling cart, and rattling car,  
Grating saw, and grinding knife,  
† And Flora's vestals' vocal strife;  
Whilst from roof of lonely house,  
Terror of the trembling mouse,

\* Alluding to the fire-engine.

† Squabble among the flower-girls.

Grimalkin to his tabby tells  
His ardent love in hideous yells.

Hear, oh ! sacred Goddess, hear, &c.

CHORUS.

Hear, Goddess, hear, &c.

AIR *continued.*

Or if thou delightest more  
In *Bostonia*'s favour'd shore,  
By the power discordant won  
Of thy darling F——n,  
When (the hero seated high  
Crown'd with paper canopy)  
Discord's own celestial fire  
Does his generous breast inspire,  
Untunes his voice, distends his throat  
With her harshest, happiest note:  
His brethren all, in wild amaze,  
Astonish'd hear, astonish'd gaze;  
They mark his voice, they mark his eye,  
And own the present deity.

Hear, oh ! sacred Goddess, hear, &c.

CHORUS.

Hear, Goddess, hear, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Cease, brethren, cease, the sacred song is done;  
By other rites sage Discord must be won:



Let all with step irregular advance,  
And supplicate the Goddess by a dance.

AIR, *brisk*.

But let no just or well-tim'd grace  
Betray a rebel nature:  
Shew no regard to time or tune,  
In action, step, or feature.  
But let your nimbly twinkling feet  
Bound brisk to slowest measure;  
The Goddess bends from off her throne,  
And views our dance with pleasure.

[*Here a quick dance to slow time.*]

RECITATIVE.

Now breathe your instruments their harshest sound,  
Such as the ear of Harmony shall wound;  
Let your wild notes in full concerto rise,  
And with fell Discord's voice assault the affrighted  
skies.

AIR.

[*As each instrument is mentioned it strikes up, until the whole forms one grand concerto, which continues playing to the end of the air.*]

First whilst famed PRINGELIO\* sings,  
Scrape the fiddle's† jarring strings.

\* Lieut. PRINGLE, first singer to the Lodge, of the 35th regiment,

† A child's fiddle.

Next to Discord's favourite tune,  
 Drily drone the dull bassoon: \*  
 Let the bladder † string be bent,  
 Discord's darling instrument.  
 Now with unharmonious note  
 The penny cuckow ‡ swells its throat;  
 The horn † in voice discordant speaks,  
 And the ruddy trumpet † squeaks.  
 Hark ! the pealing choir ascends,  
 See the vaulted temple rends,  
 Nature starts with wild affright,  
 Trembles chaos, trembles night:  
 Gods above the starry sphere  
 The hideous din astonisht hear,  
 The thunderer forsakes his throne,  
 And Discord claims it as her own.

## RECITATIVE.

But hark ! I hear the rapid, || rapid beat,  
 The modern drummer's fam'd retreat,  
 Amidst the tipping tap of pitting patting drums,  
 Discord, long-wish'd for Goddess, comes.

## CHORUS.

Amidst the tipping tap &c. &c.

\* A paper bassoon.

† A new instrument.

‡ Toys.

|| A very ridiculous method of beating the retreat made use of in the army.

RECITATIVE.

All kneel with me, your hands uplifted rear,  
And to the Goddess raise your supplicating prayer.

AIR.

Oh! Discord, sacred Goddess, hear,  
And bless each faithful servant,  
Whilst music's powers we all forswear,  
Of thy decrees observant,

When sullen sound in ether floats,  
Whilst curfew bells are ringing,  
Grant us to hear melodious notes,  
As nightingales were singing.

When pealing organs' awful sound  
Would lift the soul to heaven;  
Grant us aghast to stare around,  
As if a rock was riven.

When softest touch of breathing flute  
Pours forth the strain melodious,  
Grant us to hear the ass's hoot,  
To music's sons most odious!



When ballad-singers squalling tear  
Their lungs with notes most hideous,  
Grant us sweet MILLICO\* to hear;  
A singer most prodigious.

Oh, sacred Goddess! child of night!  
We bend us to thy pleasure;  
We sacrifice to thy delight  
All voice, and tune, and measure.

Then on us all thy blessings show'r,  
Be all our pains requited;  
Restore us each harmonious power,  
In Friendship's bands united.

And hence with all melodious strains,  
Struck out of that or this cord;  
'Tis here alone true music reigns,  
And gains the palm from Discord.

D. E.

*Drew*

\* MILLICO was, at the time this Ode was composed, the most favourite singer at the Opera-House in London.



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ODE

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TO

GENIUS.

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I.

ON slight excursive pinions borne,  
 To ancient Minstrelsy we turn,  
 And, rapt, recal those early days  
     In which our predecessors sung;  
 When Beauty languish'd at their lays,  
 And off their harps by Nymphs were strung:  
 Then, GENIUS, then was thy propitious birth;  
     The star of Science rose  
 To illuminate and cheer the earth,  
     While, at her dark reign's close,  
 In fix'd despair, old *Ignorance* retir'd  
 To her lone murky den, and, sickening there, expir'd.

## II.

Within the feeling heart,  
Coy, callow nestlings, first,  
Ere yet they dar'd depart,  
Were dulcet numbers nurst:  
At length their flight they prove  
Launch'd by adventurous love:—  
For thou, O GENIUS, to the yielding soul  
Of some young lover wert at first convey'd;  
He felt, celestial guest! thy transports roll,  
When gazing on his modest maid;  
And, as enamour'd on her charms he hung,  
Love freed thy genial fire, and loos'd his tuneful  
tongue.

## III.

Nor were the first wild notes unmeet;  
The heart's attempts are always sweet:  
There still we fondly turn to trace  
Simplicity, thy pristine grace;  
And oft recur, to mark the artless thought  
Primeval Nature breath'd, with genuine passion fraught.  
As o'er the blushing sweets he lov'd  
With rapturous glance the enthusiast rov'd,  
From that fine glow, which all his fancy warm'd,  
He caught the true impassion'd style that charm'd;  
And when secure the virgin's hand to gain,  
Then forth would gaily burst the ecstatic bridal strain.



## IV.

But O, when down the woodland side  
The Minstrel strays, all wan and lorn—  
The flame he could no longer hide,  
His cruel Mistress dash'd with scorn.—  
Grief now, O GENIUS, opes the sacred source,  
And streaming sorrow gives thy language force:  
A cypress garland, lo, he wildly weaves;  
He takes his lute, his last sad tale to tell,  
And, dying, all his plaintive sweetness leaves  
To his poor moaning woodmate, Philomel;  
The plaintive sweetness floats through midnight air,  
As if the soul's expression still were there.

## V.

The rougher Passions, pleas'd to hear  
What gentle Love began so well,  
Ardent and emulous draw near  
To snatch the sounding shell:  
And ruddy Sport is foremost found  
To wake the sylvan echoes round—  
But little from the chace is lent  
Thy stores delicious to augment,  
(Save when, beside the wood-reflecting stream,  
The notes responsive distantly decay)  
For oft the turbulent pursuers seem  
To vie, in fierceness, with their savage prey.

## VI.

Yet hark! an essay ruder far—  
 The brazen cadence, and the menac'd war!  
 No longer now, ye shepherd swains,  
 Upon your native fertile plains  
     Attend your fleecy care:  
 Hush'd be the sighing voice of Love!  
 And to the coverts of the grove  
     Ah fly, ye timid fair!  
 Already on your silver-shelving strand  
 Invasion pours his bliss-destroying band—  
     For Envy, with malignant leer,  
     Your pastures rich and pleasures dear  
 Surveys, and bids him stem the billows' roar,  
 To wade through other seas of human gore.

## VII.

But see the Bard with patriot virtue fir'd!  
     See, at his animating call,  
 The thronging heroes, as by Heav'n inspir'd,  
     Advance; and on the invaders fall!—  
 'Twas Freedom's glorious cause, that, 'gainst the foe,  
 Bade the full tide of eloquence to flow;  
 And gave, to bless the Bard, in happiest hour,  
 Thy all-commanding force, thy magic power,  
 That rais'd the drooping, and enflam'd the brave  
 Against the tyrant, wandering to enslave;

And hurl'd his ranks, repuls'd, dismay'd, and lost,  
Beneath the fatal surge they impiously had crost.

VIII.

'The wood-bird, having hail'd the morning prime,  
Through the lone vale or copse unnoted strays;  
While, on strong wing, the eagle soars sublime,  
And basks undazzled in the noontide blaze:  
Thus we, O monarch of the mind!  
Through days remote and less refin'd,  
Have tried to trace thy beamy way.—  
To attempt thy now more potent ray,  
Demands the steady aid of powers  
More bold, and daring far, than ours;  
Than ours, which, trembling, ne'er before took wing  
Beyond a lay of love, or carol to the spring.

E.

*Emett*





ON

## MISS MARIA WREY.

1790.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS in vain  
Have commentators strove to explain;  
Nor yet can render, or express,  
The Roman's words in English dress.—  
O, let them now no longer pore,  
But look one page of nature o'er,  
And view the words, the clearest way,  
Translated in MARIA WREY!

And yet, the symmetry we trace  
O'er all her frame and lovely face;  
Her dress so simple, easy, light,  
(Of azure-blue and virgin-white,  
As angels their bright robes had lent,)  
Is surely more than HORACE meant;  
Is not the phrase then, Critics, say,  
Improv'd in sweet MARIA WREY?

Ye flaunting things of other make,  
 Who throw out lures that never take,  
 And think to seize on manly hearts,  
 By paltry meretricious arts;  
 O blush! that you have been so long,  
 Spite of a bright example, wrong;  
 Nor more your tawdry suits display,  
 But imitate MARIA WREY.

And you, ye scandal-mongers, cease  
 Th' insidious hint and pert grimace,  
 Nor rashly dare to whisper round,  
 A lover's in the Poet found:  
 No lover I, but secret friend;  
 I wish, e'en while I thus commend,  
 Some far superior being may  
 Possess the dear MARIA WREY.

E.

*Emett*



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*HYMNS,*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

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I.

*To HEALTH.*

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O Worthiest of esteem and love,  
Of all the immortal powers above,  
HYGEIA, sweetest Nymph! with thee  
May all my future days be free!  
Nor thou with me refuse to dwell,  
A willing inmate of my cell!

For every joy which wealth bestows,  
Which from the love of offspring flows,  
Which towering empire gives, the height  
Of human bliss, man's chief delight;  
Whate'er from Beauty's magic fire,  
Those darling objects of desire,  
Whom, plac'd before our ravish'd view  
We with impetuous speed pursue



Toward the snares, and hidden nets,  
Which laughter-loving *Venus* sets;  
If any other bliss from heaven  
To soothe the soul of man is given,  
Any sweet recompence of toil;  
With thee, and cherish'd by thy smile,  
(Best of the immortal powers above!)  
They flourish all; before thee rove  
Each Grace, each Virtue, while the ray  
Of pure Content beams cheerful day.

But from thy presence doom'd to part,  
No transport strikes man's anxious heart;  
Thick clouds of woe o'erspread his eye,  
The Loves, and winged Pleasures fly.

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HYMN II.

To *VENUS*.

FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER.

O *VENUS*! Beauty's Queen, whose brow a wreath  
Of radiant gold incircles, Thee I sing.  
Beneath thy sway was plac'd the Cyprian realm,  
By the ocean stream imbath'd, what time the force  
Of Zephyr gently-breathing gave thee life,  
From the soft foam awaken'd where thou lay'st,

Amid the waters of the hoarse-sounding deep,  
 Thee the gold-braided hours with smiles receiv'd,  
 And o'er thee cast immortal robes; adorn'd  
 Thy head divine; a triple boss of gold  
 And mountain-brass shone on the crown they gave.  
 Thy yielding neck around, and silver breasts,  
 They deck'd with golden ornaments; the same  
 They wore themselves gold-braided, when they join'd  
 The choir august of gods, and trod the courts  
 Of *Jove*. Thus dress'd they led thee on. The powers  
 Ethereal saw thee, and embrac'd; they saw  
 Thy virgin form, and wish'd to enjoy; they gaz'd  
 With wonder on thy beauty, while thy locks  
 Dropp'd fragrant violets. Hail, black-ey'd Queen!  
 Hail, honey-dropping sweetness! Oh! by thee  
 May I still bear the prize! inspire my song,  
 So shall my grateful voice still hymn thy praise.

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HYMN III.

To MERCURY.

CYLLENIAN HERMES, *Argus'* fatal doom  
 I sing, who rules *Arcadia's* pastoral land.  
 The winged Herald of the immortal Gods,  
 From *Atlantean Maia* sprung; with her

*Jove* mix'd in soft delight, where far remov'd  
 From heaven's blest powers, fit object of his love,  
 She dwelt; there in a cave deep-veil'd with shade,  
 In the sweet transports of the night, the god  
 Mix'd with the lovely-tressed nymph, what time  
 Oblivious sleep on white-arm'd *Juno* stole.  
 There he possess'd the nymph, far from the view  
 Both of immortal gods, and mortal men.  
 Hail, son of *Jove* and *Maïa*! Thee my strains  
 Have sung, now pass they to another's praise.  
 Hail, *Hermes*, liberal of thy gracious gifts!  
 Hail, bounteous *Hermes*, messenger of heaven!

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## HYMN IV.

## To PALLAS.

PALLAS I sing, resplendent Dame, blue-ey'd,  
 Sapient, of mind invincible to love,  
 Virgin of modest grace, guardian of states,  
 Inform'd with vigour, from the sacred brain  
 Of *Jove* all-wise proceeding, clad in arms  
 Of shining gold. The immortals, as they view'd,  
 Amazement held. But she, from the head divine  
 Of the ægis-bearing god, shaking her spear,  
 Sprang forth impetuous; all Olympus shook  
 Beneath the feet of the azure-beaming maid



Prepar'd for war; the earth gave back the sound,  
 The dreadful din; the sea was mov'd throughout,  
 Stirr'd up through all its purple waves, then stood  
 In silence, and forgot to flow. Long time  
*Hyperion's* vaunted son rein'd in his steeds  
 In full career; 'till of her godlike arms  
 Despoil'd, the virgin stood. Then smil'd well-pleas'd  
 The heavenly wisdom. Hail, O Virgin Queen;  
 Daughter of ægis-bearing *Jove*! thy name  
 Shall not forgotten be, nor other strains.

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## HYMN V.

## To DIANA.

DIANA, virgin heavenly bland,  
 A golden distaff in her hand,  
 Or when she seeks the savage war,  
 Hurling her fatal darts afar,  
 Shouting with pleasure to survey  
 The hurrying stag, her destin'd prey.  
*Phæbus'* twin-sister, (god ador'd,  
 Graceful with his golden sword)  
 Who through the wilds and gloomy groves,  
 And storm-beat promontories roves,  
 The chace exulting to behold,  
 Stretching her bow of solid gold,

Which sends far off with groaning breath  
 The fatal arrow wing'd with death :  
 While the high mountain-tops with fear  
 The dreadful clang of weapons hear ;  
 While the rough woods with terror quake,  
 The desarts wild, and briny lake.  
 Mean time she with intrepid pace  
 Slays all around the savage race.

But when, rejoicing in the dart,  
 She with the hunt hath cheer'd her heart ;  
 Her flexile bow she quick unbends,  
 And to the lofty-mansion tends ;  
 Where over *Delphi's* rich domain,  
 Her much-lov'd brother spreads his reign.  
 There with each grace, and lovely muse,  
 The choral pastime she renews ;  
 Hangs her reflected bow aside,  
 Leads on their maze, herself the guide ;  
 A garment, by the Graces wove,  
 Surrounds her easy shape above.  
 They uttering their ambrosial air,  
*Latona* praise with ancles fair ;  
 How she the wonderous twins brought forth,  
 Excelling all the gods in worth ;  
 Whether they strive in counsel sage,  
 Or else in active deeds engage.

Hail, twin-born pair! Hail, sprung from *Jove*!  
 Meed of fair-hair'd *Latona*'s love!  
 Though I assume another lay,  
 To you my vows shall memory pay.

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## HYMN VI.

To *BACCHUS*.

WITH haste I tune my willing lays,  
 To ivy-crowned *BACCHUS*' praise.  
 Patron of festive mirth and wine,  
 Supremely glorious and divine;  
 Whom yielding to his heavenly love,  
 Bright *Semele* brought forth to *Jove*.  
 Him, from his sovereign father's arms,  
 Glowing with immortal charms,  
 The fair-hair'd nymphs receiv'd, and bore  
 To lowly *Nyssa*'s winding shore:  
 There mid the dells and caverns green  
 They nurs'd him in their breasts unseen,  
 'Mid fragrant grottos where they lay  
 Sequester'd far from *Jove* and day:  
 'Till crown'd with grace and strength he trod,  
 Enroll'd among the powers, a god.  
 But when the nymphs now saw with joy  
 In his youth's buxom prime the boy;



He led them to the darken'd shade,  
By the thick-twisted branches made,  
With laurel and with ivy crown'd,  
While all the forests echoed round,

BACCHUS, all hail! giver profuse  
Of the vine's nectareous juice,  
From hour to hour, from year to year,  
Let me to thy shrine repair!  
From year to year, from hour to hour,  
Let me joyful hail thy power.

F.



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## HYMN

TO THE

LIGHT.

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ALTERED FROM COWLEY.

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OFFSPRING of *Chaos*! at whose sight  
The gloomy power first knew delight;  
Whose tides of glory ever rove  
Around the dazzling throne of *Jove*!  
Who life to nature dost supply,  
Depriv'd of whom she soon would die:  
Say, from what radiant stores of heaven  
Are all thy winged arrows given?  
By thee yon vivid colours glow,  
Thy arms, the gay celestial bow.  
Swift as vagrant thought can run,  
Thy race is finish'd when begun.  
Thy motion uncontroul'd and free,  
Angelic speed scarce equals thee.

Fairest of beings! thee I praise!  
Whether thou dart'st thy burning rays  
Sublime, on Sol's illustrious car,  
Waging thy fierce meridian war;  
Or whether thou with milder gleam  
Direct'st the Moon's reflected beam;  
Or view'st the azure vault profound,  
And all thy orbs which roll around.  
Nor 'mid these triumphs, dost thou scorn  
The lowly glow-worm to adorn;  
Or with their living spangles gild  
The humble flowerets of the field.

Darkness thy piercing looks affright,  
And Sleep, the lazy bird of night.  
Asham'd and trembling to appear,  
They seek the nether hemisphere.  
With them hast'ning take the alarm,  
Painted dreams, a busy swarm;  
At the first opening of thy eye  
With speed the antic atoms fly.  
Each serpent, every beast obscene, *? what are they -*  
With conscious dread avoids thy reign;  
For thou great nature's favourite art,  
She bids each evil thing depart.  
Each goblin, and unbodied shade,  
Before thy sacred influence fade;



They quit the cheerful haunts of men,  
And muttering seek their central den.

At thy appearance grief up-springs,  
Erect his head, and plum'd his wings.  
Thy comforts cloudy care beguile,  
Thou giv'st the gentle beamy smile.  
Fear, at thy presence, courage feels,  
His soul unwonted vigour steels;  
New life he gains at sight of thee,  
Red is his cheek, and firm his knee.  
The blushing face of lust betrays  
The approach of thy ethereal rays;  
To curtain'd darkness he retires,  
And rolls in night his smoaky fires.

When, Goddess, thou uplift'st thy head  
From out the morning's purple bed,  
The birds their notes of bliss employ,  
The universe is full of joy;  
With rapid, yet expressive force,  
Thou paint'st the landscape in thy course;  
All that delights and charms our eye  
Displays thy varied livery.  
The rose thy crimson garment wears,  
Thy azure stains the harebell bears;  
The virgin lillies in their white  
Are clad with chaste unspotted light;

The violet boasts thy purple vest;  
 Thine is the tulip's gawdy crest:  
 Their flame condens'd, thy jewels shew,  
 And strong the solid colours glow.  
 Who shall thy liberal gifts withhold?  
 Yet ah! why deck pernicious gold?  
 Didst thou to gold less value give,  
 How happy wretched man might live.  
 To me the sun is fairer far,  
 To me, the moon, each twinkling star,  
 The verdant grove, the glittering rill,  
 The daisied lawn, and blueish hill:  
 But few, ah! wondrous few I see,  
 Who do not gold prefer to thee!

Thy path, through heaven, and air, and sea,  
 What eye, O Goddess, can survey?  
 Through all, thy waves soft-streaming slide,  
 Through all, thy living currents glide;  
 Or join'd, in one vast ocean flow,  
 And bathe this universe below.

But thy unfathom'd source, O Light!  
 Is in the Empyrean height;  
 Thy streams, from that exhaustless urn  
 First flow'd, and thither must return.

F.

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*THREE ODES,**FROM THE LATIN OF MR. GRAY.*

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*ODE I.**Mr. GRAY to Mr. WEST.*

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'TIS ours the barbarous courts to pierce,  
Where ever broods contention fierce;  
Where clamorous discord sounds afar,  
And stirs the gowned race to war.  
How sweeter thus at ease to lie,  
Where spreads the bounteous elm on high,  
The idle hours with classic stile,  
Or with the slender muse beguile!

For oft with vacant mind I stray;  
And as I frame the soothing lay,  
In vain the noxious dews abound,  
And night unheeded closes round.  
Where'er with giddy feet I rove,  
I see, methinks, *Parnassus'* grove



On every hill; each dripping cave  
 Shews *Aganippe's* gelid wave.  
 Then smiles the spring, the Dryads chaste,  
 As not inelegant of taste  
 I catch whate'er young zephyr's plume  
 Stole from the violet's morning bloom.  
 Stretch'd on some rivulet's verdant side  
 I mark its light progressive tide,  
 And where it twines with murmuring play  
 On every stone its sweet delay.

To me these simple cares belong,  
 While flies the youthful year along;  
 While gay *Favonius'* purer train  
 Unveils the azure heaven serene:  
 Nor yet I bid the lawns adieu,  
 (Not *Clytie* to her god more true)  
 Still linger, though the winds engage,  
 And mellow summer yields to age.

For whether hill, or flowery mead,  
 The fields with cheerful toil array'd,  
 As rolling up the ethereal bound  
 His car darts life and vigour round;  
 Or the orient regions of the morn  
 With gold and purple he adorn;  
 I all observe with curious sight,  
 And bless the orb profuse of light:

Or when he wills to shed a glow  
 More soft on his lov'd *Calpe's* brow;  
 'Till less and less the effulgence stream,  
 And gilded with a fainter beam,  
 The varied clouds by stealth decay,  
 The virid landscape fades away.

Oh, happy lot! if thus (nor e'er  
 Once sunk, would I again appear)  
 Kind fate would destine my retreat!  
 And give the eternal peaceful seat!  
 Ah! how unmov'd by envy I  
 T'ward those who gaze the ethereal sky,  
 Their forms with dazzling lustre crown'd,  
 And rays incessant pour'd around,  
 While on his front *Olympus* feels  
 The god's proud steeds and fiery wheels.

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### ODE II.

*Mr. GRAY to Mr. WEST,*

FROM ITALY.

SOFT parent of the vermeil rose!  
 At whose approach *Favonius* glows  
 And spreads his gentle plumes more wide;  
 Whom wanton *Venus* owns her guide,

Hail'd by the nymphs who dance along,  
And welcom'd by the wood-lark's song.

Beneath what glade umbrageous, say,  
Doth WEST the not inactive day  
Delight to spend, while slumbering lies  
His golden lyre? or from his eyes  
The rapturous frenzy darting mild,  
In some Piërian grotto wild  
Strikes he the strings? his friend who roves  
Through *Tusculum's* deep-sheltering groves,  
Or o'er *Palladian Alba* strays,  
No more remember'd in his lays?

Ye Pines, 'which over-arch the ground  
Where fauns and shepherd gods resound,  
Whom *Anio's* threatening streams appall,  
O'er broken cliffs with headlong fall  
Fierce rushing down! Ye pines, ye floods,  
Bear witness that the enchanting woods  
Of *Æsula*, that *Tibur's* height,  
Have heard his praises with delight!  
His name the echoing rocks prolong,  
The Latian Naiads learn the song.

For on the watery margin green  
Me have the Latian Naiads seen,



Where stood *Venusium's* swan so oft,  
Uttering his notes divinely soft,  
Bathing his snowy plumage gay  
In the light dew-drops of the spray.

He sung, and wonderous! all the grove  
And sacred fountains ceas'd to move;  
And still each laurel old retains  
(For thus the eternal muse ordains)  
The rocks with vocal transport fraught,  
Retain the notes they then were taught.

Nor is it strange that I should sing  
Rude numbers to the jarring string:  
The lovely scenes, the genial May,  
Have prompted this incondite lay.  
For (trust me) through the forest wide,  
Phoebian dreams tenacious hide  
Beneath each leaf; from every cave  
The whispering winds, the murmuring wave,  
More audibly than wont, dispense  
I know not what of eloquence.

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ODE III.

WRITTEN BY

Mr. GRAY,

IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

THOU Genius of this place severe!  
 Whatever name delights thy ear!  
 (For surely o'er his native floods,  
 And large extent of antique woods,  
 No common power hath fix'd his reign;  
 These devious rocks, this wild domain,  
 These cliffs abrupt, and awful sound  
 Of waves, this forest darkening round,  
 The present Deity unfold,  
 More plain, than if with dazzling gold  
 In cedar'd dome we saw him stand,  
 The work of *Phidias'* skilful hand.)

Oh, hail! and with propitious prayer,  
 If just, my invocation hear!  
 Receive a youth who pants for rest!  
 Do thou compose his ruffled breast!  
 But if these seats must ne'er be mine,  
 Which viewing, Envy would repine;  
 O Silence! if my willing soul  
 Thy sacred law must ne'er controul;

Resorb'd by strong compulsive fate,  
And plung'd amid the waves I hate;  
At least, oh! give me, hallow'd power!  
Some safe retreat, some private bower,  
To pass the unclouded days of age  
With freedom, and reflection sage;  
Oh! steal me from the vulgar ken,  
The tumults, and the cares of men.

F.





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ODE

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TO

FANCY.

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ENCHANTRESS SWEET! thou who so oft hast pour'd  
Upon my ravish'd mind the visions wild  
    Of thy illusive charms;  
    And on my melting soul

Diffus'd such bliss as pensive virgins feel,  
What time they breathe to soft-persuasive notes  
    Of heavenly harmony,  
    Chaste Love's melodious lay;

Fairest of sky-born forms, O FANCY! say,  
In what Elysian vale's secluded scene  
    Thou keep'st thy airy court,  
    And mark'st the shadowy hosts

That circle round thy flowery throne, and hail  
In wildly-warbled strains thy sceptred power!  
    Say, shall the green-rob'd Sylphs  
    That lure thy vagrant feet

To tread their groves and deep romantic shades—  
Oh! say, shall *rapture* and *enthusiast love*,  
The sacred votarists  
That lead thy tuneful train,

Me gently guide to those sequester'd haunts,  
And to the wondering view of mortal eye  
Disclose the unrivall'd charms  
Of thy angelic mien?

*Seducing Nymph!* thou, who so oft has stol'n  
The magic wand from *nature*, and display'd  
It's necromantic force  
In many a sportive wile;

I feel, I feel thy fascinating spells  
Now quickly gliding o'er my trembling frame!  
And catch a transient glance  
Of thy ethereal form;

As to yon mountain's misty brow thou fly'st  
Light as the wanton gale, that skimm'd erewhile  
Around the ruffled sedge,  
And kiss'd the curling wave!

Ah! let me trace thy dewy footsteps there,  
And view thee gazing at the *grey-ey'd morn*,  
That bids the circling sun  
Gild with his orient beams

The clouds that float in slow majestic pomp  
 Along the azure vault; there mark the forms  
     Thy rosy finger paints  
     Upon their lucid sides—

Of castles tumbling from their silver base;  
 Of lakes that roll their waves of liquid gold;  
     Giants and dwarfs, and knights  
     That wage terrific war,

And on the impurpled field shed ghastly rout,  
 And wild despair, and visionary death,  
     With every frantic shape  
     To *grace* the ideal scene.

Or should the *sultry noon* invidious chace  
 These “sweet illusions of the sense,” and pour  
     Upon thy naked head  
     His strong refulgent rays,

Still let me follow through thy winding walks,  
 As near some fountain’s odour-breathing side  
     Thou bid’st around thee wait  
     The soft voluptuous hours.

And say! fair source of every pictur’d art,  
 Say, shall I mingle with the fylvan maids;  
     Who rosy chaplets bring  
     To court thy genial smile?



Who playful twine their smooth ambrosial arms  
To the soft warblings of some oaten pipe?  
Or see with looks entranc'd  
*Idalia's* graceful Queen

Leading from myrtle groves and jasmine bowers  
The young-ey'd joys and purple-pinion'd loves,  
To greet in votive airs  
Of breathing minstrelsy

Thy *wildly-varying power*;—'till from above  
The *breeze*, that slept between the velvet leaves,  
Wak'd by the sound divine,  
Now plumes his azure wing;

Now fluttering sports amid the gladsome train;  
Then swiftly clasping their celestial limbs  
Shakes from his wavy locks  
The sweets of blushing May!

Yet should my pensive mind delight to rove,  
What time the star that marks with fond regret  
Her *sire's* declining light,  
Faintly illumes the glade;

Then lead me where the lonely nightingale,  
Whose plaintive numbers stealing through the shades  
Of eve, may gently wake  
Responsive echo's shell,

And lull my raptur'd soul to extacy,  
In tones that sigh, and strains that warbling weep;  
While from their green retreats  
The nymphs and dryads sweet,

And many a maid that woo'd the chaste-lip'd moon,  
Or mutely listen'd to the love-lorn tale,  
"In deep attention hang,  
"Murmuring their soft applause."

But when rude winds deform the soothing scene,  
And from the darkening valley Cynthia meek  
Withdraws her silver beams;  
Be mine the mouldering pile,

Whose awful ruins on the impending point  
Of some high rugged cliff, sublimely frowns  
Upon the gloomy wood  
That shades the stream below.

There while the *maddening tempest* howls around,  
And the *big thunder* rolls his length'ned voice;  
There by thy magic spells  
And witching sorceries,

Speâtres, and all the visionary shapes,  
I view, that wildly glare and loudly shriek,  
As by the light'ning's flash  
They wing their devious way;

'Till the chill'd blood creeps through my shuddering  
veins,

And hails the terrors of thy mighty hand,  
ENCHANTRESS SWEET! chaste Queen  
Of Harmony and Grace!\*

Whether with sportive mien thou cull'st the hues  
Of roseate Spring, thy flowing locks to wreath,  
Or rob'st thy glowing limbs  
In Summer's purple blooms;

Whether array'd in Autumn's yellow tints  
Thou point'st indignant to the unfeeling blast;  
That from the weeping spray  
Shatters its leafy pride;

Or wrapt in stern-ey'd Winter's sable gloom,  
Pursu'st the infuriate genius of the storm,  
As to the upland waste  
He soars with hideous yell:

In all these varying scenes, still let thy Bard,  
*Endearing Maid!* attend thy hallow'd steps;  
"Still gaze the visions wild  
"Of thy awakening power,"

\* As being the source of Poetry and the fine Arts.



And mark the holy fervors that distend  
 Thy swelling breast;—'till his rapt soul may hymn  
 In strains more wildly sweet  
*Thy bliss-inspiring Name!*

G.



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THE TOMB

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OF

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GUNNAR,

IMITATED FROM AN ANCIENT ISLANDIC FRAGMENT PRE-  
SERVED IN BARTHOLINE'S DANISH ANTIQUITIES.

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“WHAT mean those dreadful sounds that rise  
“From the tomb where GUNNAR lies?”  
Exclaims the Shepherd in affright,  
As by the Moon's uncertain light,  
Athwart the solitary plain,  
He homeward drives his fleecy train.

*Sarpedine, Hogner*, mark the tale,  
And fearless cross the lonely vale:  
They stand the stately tomb beside;  
Whilst slowly-sailing vapours hide  
In their dun veil night's glittering pride.

A moon-beam, on the cave of death,  
Sudden glanc'd athwart the heath:

Its line of splendour full oppos'd  
 The deep recess to view disclos'd.  
 The cell four blazing tapers crown'd,  
 And spread a flood of light around.  
 Fronting the beam, in arms array'd,  
 Majestic sat the Hero's shade:  
 He wakes the loud-resounding song,  
 And echoing rocks his strains prolong.  
 "Ignoble flight the brave despise—  
 "Conquest or death is Honour's prize!  
 "The strife of spears disdain to shun,  
 "Nor blast the fame by GUNNAR won."

Sudden clos'd the gates of death;  
 And Silence brooded o'er the heath.

"For no mean cause," *Sarpentine* cries,  
 "Our father's image met our eyes.  
 "To arms, to arms! the presage hail,  
 "Grasp the sword, and gird the mail!  
 "Disdain alike to yield or fly;  
 "And fix'd to conquer or to die,  
 "A banquet for the wolf prepare,  
 "And glut the ravenous birds of air!"

\* \* \*

H.

*Hole*



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*An ODE*

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PREFIXED TO A VERSION OF

*FINGAL.*

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---

IMAGINATION, mighty power!

Where dost thou guide my roving mind?

By time, by distance unconfin'd,

On Fancy's rapid wings I fly

To *Morven's* coast, where mountains tower,

And break the clouds that roll on high.

Before my view the dark-brown heath extends,

From reed-crown'd lakes the creeping mists exhale;

Down the rock bursting, the rude stream descends,

And foams along the solitary vale.

*Cona*, thy waters murmur in my ear!

*Selma*, thy halls unfold!

There sits FINGAL:—the chiefs of old

Gaze on the ruler of the war.

One vaunts his prowess in the field,

Another lifts his riven shield,

Or shews the deep-indented scar.

High o'er the rest, the *son of songs*,  
 OSSIAN, descended from a race of kings,  
 Conspicuous stands: to whom belongs  
 The praise of warriors: to the ground  
 He deeply-musing bends his eyes—  
 Behold the royal Bard arise!  
 Behold! he shakes the eagle-plumes,  
 With which his burnish'd helm is crown'd:  
 His skilful hand the harp assumes,  
 He lightly sweeps the tuneful strings,  
 And wakes the pleasing sound.

Hark! he pours the martial song;  
 His brave compeers around him throng,  
 Attentive to the strain sublime:  
 And, whilst his animating lays  
 Proclaim their fame in other days,  
 Their deeds in ancient time,  
 Each war-worn chief inglorious ease disdains,  
 Pants for the din of fight, and thick-embattled plains.

Again inspir'd with glory's charms,  
 The dauntless warriors call to arms,  
 To snatch the unfading wreath of praise:  
 Each hopes to gain a deathless name,  
 To live renown'd, or die with fame,  
 The theme of future days.

The swords high-brandish'd on their massy shields  
Clash loud, and lighten o'er the distant fields.

Softer now thy numbers flow,  
Slowly rolls the plaintive strain;  
See, the first of Heroes low!  
See, the mighty MORAR slain!  
From the tender virgin's eyes  
Fall the pearly drops of woe;  
See, her bosom throbs with sighs,  
Sorrow swells her breast of snow!

\* Yon mossy stones that rise above the heath,  
Beside the blasted oak that towers on high,  
Mark to the hunters' view the cave of death,  
Where chiefs renown'd in former ages lie:  
There rests brave MORAR:—Thy untimely doom,  
Thy aged sire and mournful friends deplore:  
How vain their sorrow!—In the silent tomb  
The mighty MORAR sleeps, to rise no more!  
Like him, ye warriors! you must pass away;  
Like him you shine the glory of the plain:  
In time your strength will fail, your tombs decay,  
And no memorial of your fame remain.

The melting lay their rage controuls,  
And calms to peace their furious souls:

\* See the songs of *Salma*.



Thy charms, destructive fame! inspire  
 Their breasts no more with martial fire:  
 Each hero mourns some breathless friend;  
 Compassion's tender tears descend:  
 Their useless arms bestrew the plain;  
 And the keen falchion thirsts for blood in vain.

Oh! who like thee could feel for others' woe,  
 And to thy strains the heartfelt thought impart,  
 In plaintive numbers bid them wildly flow,  
 And melt the soul beyond the power of art?  
 On thee, her darling son, fair Fancy smiles,  
 Her bright ideal scenes displays;  
 She strongly paints them on thy mind,  
 And pours them in thy daring lays.  
 The sons of glory, battle-slain,  
 From thee receive the plausive song:  
 They quit the blood-empurpled plain;  
 Around them meteors gleam;  
 The ruddy-flaming beam  
 Skirts the dark clouds on which they sail along.  
 Behold their airy halls!  
 Bedropt with fire the roofs appear;  
 In dimly-gleaming arms they stand,  
 The shells half-viewless in their hand:  
 Beneath the clouds of darkness roll;  
 Their words pervade thy listening ear,  
 And sink into thy thoughtful soul.

See, LODA's\* gloomy form advance!

On high he lifts his shadowy lance:

Within his hand the tempests lour;

The blast of death his nostrils pour:

Like flames, his baleful eyes

Appal the valiant—from the fight

They turn before the blasting light:

His hollow voice like thunder shakes the skies;

Slowly he moves along, exulting in his might.

Vain are thy terrors, dreadful shade!

Lo! *Morven's* king defies aloud

Thy utmost force:—His gleaming blade

Winds through the murky cloud.

The form falls shapeless into air:

His direful shrieks the billows hear,

And stop their rapid course with fear.

The hundred rocks of *Inistore* reply,

As roll'd into himself he mounts the darken'd sky.

How sweetly flows† thy latest strain, when borne

On heaven's curl'd clouds appears thy hoary sire?

Bright pearly drops the laughing fields adorn;

The eastern clouds are streak'd with purple fire:

The opening flower perfumes the breath of morn;

All Nature's clad in Beauty's fair attire.

To thee the winds his feeble voice convey;

\* *Carriethura*.

† *Berrathon*.

“ Come to my airy halls away !  
 “ Silent are now our martial plains ;  
 “ Our glory in the song remains ;  
 “ Come to my airy halls, sad OSSIAN, come away !”

Why droop my friends with woe deprest ?  
 Can death the valiant soul affright ?  
 Heroes ere now have sunk to rest,  
 And clos'd their parting day with light.

Like them, 'tis yours to scorn dismay :  
 Your thoughts to brighter prospects raise :  
 Your acts shall live, though you decay,  
 And loud proclaim your deathless praise.

“ 'TIS OURS,” the enraptur'd Chiefs reply,  
 “ By thy example, Bard sublime,  
 “ Without unmanly fear to die,  
 “ And live to Fame in future time.

“ Remembrance dwells not on the tomb  
 “ Where low in dust the inglorious rest :  
 “ No generous hero mourns their doom,  
 “ Nor swells the sigh in Beauty's breast.

“ But many a fair shall melt with woe  
 “ At thy soft strain in other days ;  
 “ And many a manly bosom glow  
 “ Congenial to thy lofty lays.”

H.

*Hole*



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*ODE*

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TO

*MELANCHOLY.*

---

HAIL, MELANCHOLY! whom of yore  
To Grief wild-tressed Fancy bore.  
From him 'tis thine with downcast eyes,  
While swells thy breast with secret sighs,  
To muse and melt at others woe:  
Yet so to mourn let none repine;  
For pleasing are such tears as thine,  
Tears, that from virtuous feelings flow.

From her 'twas given, with active mind,  
To roam creation unconfin'd,  
And paint, as to thy view they rise,  
Ideal scenes (to vulgar eyes  
But dimly-imag'd or unknown)  
To form, combine, and make them all thy own.

Sweet matron of the pensive brow!  
 Mysterious power! to thee I bow,  
 Whose charms a mournful joy impart,  
 That thrills my soul, and melts my heart.  
 I am thy slave, yet would not freedom gain;  
 I feel thy magic bonds, yet glory in my chain.

Now, at midnight's awful hour,  
 I own the greatness of thy power!—  
 Thought after thought swells in my soul,  
 As waves on waves successive roll,  
 Then break against the shore.  
 And my revolving mind displays  
 Sages and kings of ancient days,  
 And mighty empires that exist no more.

*Palmyra*, queen of cities! I behold  
 Thy faded glories: from the time-worn base  
 Thy pillars now are fall'n; no fretted gold  
 Inlays thy roofs; thy walls no statues grace.

The sun direct pours down his fervid rays,  
 And the parch'd soil seems kindled with the blaze.  
 Spreading wide its shadowy screen,  
 No tree adorns the cheerless scene.  
 Where the grain waved, and verdure smil'd,  
 Behold a barren sandy wild.  
 Sands, that when eddying winds arise,  
 In clouds of darkness sweep the plain,

As billows roll along the storm-vex'd main—  
The traveller marks their course—in horror shrinks  
and dies.

Beneath this mould'ring arch I'll lay me down,  
And muse upon the awe-inspiring scene.—  
Where is thy former pride, thy old renown?  
Extinct, forgot, as if it ne'er had been.

Here once the busy courtiers throng'd around  
Their purpled monarch: Here the sons of war  
At peaceful pomp and dull inaction frown'd,  
Or call'd to arms, and shook the threat'ning spear.

Mark, where yon broken pillars strew the plain!  
There rose a stately dome in ancient time:  
There oft was heard the soul-entrancing strain,  
And laurell'd bards awoke the song sublime.

In choral dance gay youths and maids appear'd,  
And light they tript to many a sprightly sound.  
Nor dance, nor song, nor sprightly lay is heard,  
But more than midnight silence reigns around.

Where crowds opposing crowds have often toil'd,  
Like mingling streams, athwart the street to pass,  
In endless tides, is now a vacant wild,  
With hoary moss bespread and spiry grass.



Through royal palaces now serpents glide—  
 Heard you that dismal hiss?—It spoke them nigh:  
 They wreath around yon column's shatter'd pride,  
 And their scales glitter in day's fiery eye.

Through stately temples, where the *sacred light*,  
 By crowds ador'd, diffus'd perpetual day;  
 Wounding with horrid yells the ear of night,  
 The gaunt Hyæna roams in vain for prey.

Oh! what is pomp, and sublunary power?  
 And what is man who boasts himself so high?  
 The sport of fate—the tenant of an hour;  
 Dust, animated dust, that breathes to die!

Yet man, unthinking man!  
 Deems not, that, swift as glides away  
 Each hour unmark'd, he hastens to decay:  
 Still busied with some idle plan  
 To spend in scenes of joy the coming years,  
 Or leave a bootless fame to grace his unknown heirs.—  
 Those heirs, who soon like him shall be no more,  
 Borne by the tide of fate to dark oblivion's shore.

Vain race, farewell! my mind excursive flies,  
 Swift as a meteor cleaves the skies,  
 To lands by human feet untrod,  
 Stern DESOLATION's drear abode.

Beyond wide *Canada's* domain  
Extends her solitary reign.  
Aloft, on tempest-wings I soar;  
Beneath, the *Atlantic's* untam'd surges roar :  
Now cultur'd fields and lowing herds appear;  
Now the wild Indians' shrieks assail my ear.  
I see expanded waters gleam below,  
And mountains crested with eternal snow.

How wildly dark these groves appear!  
And trickling streams beneath that stray!  
Yet sweet they murmur to my ear,  
As slow they urge their winding way!

All hail, ye venerable oaks!  
Ye never felt the woodman's strokes;  
But here aloft majestic tower,  
Coeval with Time's earliest hour.  
All hail, ye fathers of the wood!  
As here I rest in thoughtful mood,  
Through your dark boughs that wave around,  
Let only whispering breezes sound;  
Or beetle's hum, or distant rill,  
Pierce the silence deep and still.  
Hail solemn scenes, and musings holy,  
Far sweeter than the din of folly!

Lo! from the ærial chambers of the north,  
 I mark the raging tempest issue forth:  
 The pealing thunder heaven's high concave rends!  
 I hear the Genius of the woods reply  
 In hollow murmurs: rushing rain descends  
 In torrents: lightening streams athwart the sky!

Again, 'tis silence all around—  
 Save where yon turtle wakes the plaintive strain.  
 The beasts their dens forsake: before me bound  
 The nimble deer: with fix'd amaze  
 Awhile on me they gaze,  
 Then fearless crop the herb, and sport along the plain.

Blest wanderers of the forest wild,  
 On you indulgent nature smil'd,  
 And plac'd you far from man's destructive race;  
 The world's high-vaunted lord—but oh! the world's  
 disgrace.

Creative FANCY waves the magic wand—  
 And lo! amid those scenes so drear and rude,  
 Ideal beings in my presence stand,  
 And people all the solitude.  
 The voice of Sylvan Deities I hear,  
 And Satyrs bounding on yon heath appear.  
 With equal steps the dance they lead,  
 As PAN attunes his oaten reed.



And oft he holds his jocund court  
In yonder wood with verdure crown'd.  
The lovely Dryads there resort,  
Their brows with oaken garlands bound.  
And FLORA joins the festive train;  
His queen the enamour'd ZEPHYR leads,  
And lo! where'er the Goddess treads,  
Spontaneous flowers arise, and deck the smiling plain.

Ever-changing, ever new,  
Those air-spun visions, FANCY weaves, delight:  
Though tinctur'd with the rainbow's varying hue,  
Whose every tear is cloth'd in light,  
They strike with chasten'd joy the mental sight.

I yield to thy controuling sway:  
With thee, my guide, I bend my way  
To *Egypt's* distant shore;  
*Egypt*, once fam'd for arts, and wisdom's sacred lore.

How fall'n!—yet still thy Pyramids sublime  
Rear their bold heads, and mock the rage of time.  
Unknown their mighty Builder's name,  
They tower aloft, man's glory and his shame.

Through the drear *catacombs* I stray,  
Where rest the manes of the royal dead;  
And by a dim-decaying taper led,

Urge, musing on, my doubtful way—  
The walls e'er dank with dew: low murmurs sound.  
Night, shadowy night, now closes thick around.

Behold! from yonder widely-yawning tomb  
The great SESOSTRIS rises to my view.  
As slow he moves along the silent dome,  
I mark his robes that glow with *Tyrian* hue;  
The golden sceptre waving in his hand,  
And awful brow, that speak his high command.

In faded splendor, yet with haughtier mien,  
Succeeding kings appear: and as they glide  
In solemn silence through the pageant scene,  
On me they bend their fiery eyes of pride.  
I see wild fury on each brow pourtray'd,  
And horror in each bloodless cheek display'd.

Vanish, oh vanish from my sight,  
Tyrannic shades, beneath whose sway  
Earth trembled—and behold, in night  
The fear-form'd spectres fade away.

Far different scenes unfold, and tranquillize  
My late-distemper'd mind.—See, Night's sweet  
Queen,  
Her car slow-wheeling through the cloudless skies,  
With silvery lustre gilds the blue serene.

Mute is the hill, the grove, the plain,  
The echoing storm has ceas'd to roar:  
No sound,—save where the billowy main  
Low-murmurs on the distant shore.

Where o'er the deep yon rock projecting lours,  
I'll rest, and wear in thought the fleeting hours;  
There muse upon the days already past,  
And those to come—how swift they too will fly!  
Muse on the gloomy cell to which we haste,  
As shoots the enkindled vapour through the sky.  
Sudden it fades—its path no more is known—  
A few brief hours elaps'd, its fate must be our own!

Rapt above sublunary scenes I tower,  
And mark life's transient pleasures vague and vain,  
Shall I then sigh at envious fortune's power,  
Or disappointment thrill my breast with pain?

The light-wing'd moments, like the eastern blast,  
Ere we can count them, fleet-away:  
And pomp and poverty, these moments past,  
The oppressor and the opprest are undistinguish'd  
clay.

H.

*Hole*

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ODE

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TO

TERROR.

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AROUND me night and silence reign—  
     My beating breast  
 Seems with some huge weight oppress,  
 And strives to shake it off in vain.  
 Oh, let me close my orbs of sight,  
 And in my bosom check the panting breath!  
     Encircled by the shades of night,  
     Let me here unnotic'd rest!  
 And yet, as if the hand of death  
 Lay heavy on me, moisture cold bedews  
 My shivering limbs: and fancy views  
     Scenes of unknown terrors rise.  
 Advancing footsteps strike my ear;  
     Low-murmurs in the forest sound:  
     The rustling leaves are strew'd around.  
 Reluctant, yet compell'd by fear,  
 I ope my anxious eyes.

Now wildly through the extended plain,  
With the moon's mild light array'd,  
• I gaze—yet all dismay'd,  
Would fain, but dare not close their lids again.  
See through the path in yonder grove,  
Silent and slow a phantom move!  
Pale grief is on his brow imprest,  
And darkly down his snow-white vest  
From his gor'd bosom sanguine streams descend.  
He stops, he turns, on me he bends his view,  
His course unknown he waves me to pursue—  
Oh, let me hence my tottering footsteps bend!  
Alas! in vain I seek to fly,  
• My powerless limbs their aid deny;  
And fear, that gave the spectre birth,  
Rivets me motionless to earth.

Let me shake off this causeless dread:  
Let me my fortitude resume!  
In vain—for at this awful hour,  
Bursting the cearments of the tomb,  
Ascend the spirits of the dead,  
And roam thro' night compell'd by magic's wond'rous  
power.  
This is the time, when o'er the corse  
Festering in death, with accents hoarse

The raven croaks, or beats with ominous wings  
The murderer's window—at the sound  
Trembling he starts, he glares around,  
And feels the thrilling pangs of guilt's infixed stings.

This is the time, waiting their destin'd prey,  
And shunning day's detecting eye,  
In covert hid unpitying ruffians lie,  
To his lov'd home the traveller bends his way,  
That home he never more shall view!

At once up starts the savage crew;  
By earthly fiends inclos'd he stands:  
For mercy at their feet he bends;  
He lifts his pleading eyes;  
In anguish clasps his hands;  
Conjures them by his dear domestic ties—  
But lo! the ruthless sword descends:  
Cold in his breast he feels

The deadly point: he feebly reels,  
Forth bursts the vital stream, he gasps, he dies.

Hark, loudly-echoing through the glade,  
Shrieks of distress my ears invade:  
Nearer and nearer rolls the sound—  
Like thee, poor wretch, 'twill soon be mine,  
This transient being to resign:  
I feel, I feel the life-bereaving wound.



My soul within me sinks dismay'd!  
My pity, hapless man! was thine,  
But oh, I could not, durst not give thee aid!

Illusions fly! the peaceful power  
Of silence reigns o'er hill, o'er dale, and bower:  
An awful stillness that my soul affrights—  
For now on yon drear heath,  
Hags profane, and hell-born sprights,  
Plan schemes of future woe, and scenes of death.

Muttering slowly spells profound,  
In mystic circle round and round  
The necromantic fire they go,  
Kindled from the realms below.  
Now dusky wreaths of smoke arise,  
Now fiercer flames ascend the skies,  
As 'mid the blaze they charms unhallow'd throw.

Now they vanish from my sight—  
Mingling with the shades of night,  
On yonder sable cloud they fly,  
And urge the wrathful tempest through the sky.  
They bid its wings of darkness sweep  
The surging billows—wide around  
They foam, they roar; the rocks rebound.  
The anxious Pilot's art is vain:

Down to the unfathom'd deep  
 The vessel sinks, and o'er it boils the main.  
 Now, horror-proof, with deadly aim,  
 While the moon, trembling at the sight,  
 Veils her silver front in night,  
 They wing the lightning's shafts of flame  
 Through sable clouds disparting wide;  
 Spread ruin through the peaceful plains,  
 And fire the cots of lowly swains;  
 And sink to dust the castle's towering pride.

Protect me, save me! whence was driven  
 That beam which shot athwart the heaven?—

It gave a dreadful light—  
 Ah, whence proceeds this sudden gloom,  
 Dark as the mansions of the tomb,  
 That clothes the brow of night?  
 My faltering tongue amazement chains,  
 And ice seems creeping through my veins.

Alas! ideal terrors have disjoin'd  
 My powers of reason, and unhing'd my mind.

'Twas but a Meteor's sudden glance: again  
 The moon, yon blackening cloud withdrawn,  
 Streams radiance o'er the dewy lawn,  
 And skirts the wood with light, and gilds the distant  
 plain.

Fell spectre of the haggard eye,  
Wild gesture, and erected hair,  
Quick from my presence fly!  
Ease, ease awhile my heart oppress,  
Lest, lost and woe-begone, Despair  
Should seal me for her own,  
And Reason, banish'd from her throne,  
To Madness should resign my tortur'd breast.

H.

*Hole*

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Some apology, possibly, ought to be made for the Dithyrambic measure adopted in these Odes. If the desultory nature of their subject, and abrupt transitions in the sentiment, (for each is supposed to be written under the immediate influence of the imagination) will not excuse it, no other plea, I fear, can be offered.

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ODE

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TO

STUPIDITY.

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*Edo*  
**O** Thou! to whom these lines belong,  
 Inspirer of the languid song,  
 In apathy my senses steep,  
 Or lull them in the arms of sleep;  
 Deaden each active power of soul;  
 Reflection's deep-felt pangs controul;  
 Quench Fancy's beam—enough to know  
 Our present state, or joy, or woe.  
 For ills to come, as yet are not;  
 Those past, are nothing if forgot,  
 This state by DULLNESS realiz'd,  
 Is to be envied, not despis'd.

If ills the thinking mind annoy,  
 STUPIDITY is surely joy.  
 Of calm Indifference possest,  
 And by unfeeling Folly blest,

Her son, unmov'd, with tearless eye,  
Beholds a friend or mistress die:  
Unmov'd by the wild shrieks of pain;  
Unmov'd by Want's imploring train:  
Unmov'd he views the Widow's tears;  
Unmov'd the Orphan's cry he hears.  
On evils past, or those to come,  
Disease, or Death's impending doom,  
The Dull ne'er muse, but wear away  
In thoughtless ease life's transient day.  
Should o'er their heads *Affliction* lour,  
And all its stores of sorrow pour,  
Insensible they still remain—  
Kind DULLNESS blunts the shafts of pain:  
And gross STUPIDITY supplies  
Those aids Philosophy denies.

But men who of their reason boast,  
In idle speculation lost,  
Who vainly plume themselves as wise,  
With others' evils sympathize.  
*Self* Their own misfortunes rend their heart  
With keenest pangs and torturing smart.  
They shudder at ideal ills;  
And causeless care their bosom fills.  
Does Mirth, at some auspicious hour,  
O'er their sad breasts exert its power;

Reflection soon their joy controuls;  
And *Melancholy* sways their souls.  
For Pleasures, when we analyze,  
And hold them forth to Reason's eyes,  
A test so strong they cannot bear,  
But melt like vapours into air.  
Thus tricks display'd by juglers' sleight,  
No longer than they cheat, delight.

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O Queen of those who never think,  
With poppies pluck'd from *Lethe's* brink,  
Be thy votary's temples crown'd,  
While sombrous vapours float around!  
No more perplex'd with worldly cares,  
Heedless of life's surrounding snares;  
With soul that never quits its home,  
But takes things easy as they come,  
Be Dullness with Contentment mine!—  
Let others reason and repine.

H.

*Hole*



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**GRAM AND GRO,**


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FROM THE  
**NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.\***

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**W**HEN GRAM in youthful ardour bold,  
 By busy rumour had been told,  
 A giant,, with imperious pride,  
 Claim'd SICTRUG's daughter for his bride,  
 With BESSUS eager for the fight,  
 He mov'd t'ward *Gothland* in his might;  
 His troops in savage spoils array'd  
 To strike his foes with greater dread.  
 Himself a rugged goat-skin wore,  
 His hand a mace terrific bore;  
 Or seeming furious to engage,  
 Wielded as with giant rage.  
 Thus arm'd, where through a wood she stray'd,  
 They met by chance the royal maid:  
 Trembling with fear her reins she shook,  
 And thus in faltering accents spoke:

\* See Saxo Grammaticus.

GRO.

Methinks the giant I espy,  
His darkening footsteps thwart my eye.  
Or roves my sight in error wide?  
For oft beneath some shaggy hide  
The valiant warrior stalks unseen,  
Veiling his form and comely mein.

BESSUS.

Virgin! whose legs the foaming steed  
Bestride, from whom these words proceed,  
First to us thy name declare,  
Unfold thy lineage to our ear.

GRO.

Your troops what leader of the brave  
Commands? who bids your standards wave?  
Who sets your battle in array?  
What mighty Prince, what Hero? say,  
Too late you'll rue this warlike boast,  
O'erwhelm'd by SICTRUG's conquering host.  
Or on a tree, escap'd the sword,  
Your necks shall feel the strangling cord.

BESSUS.

A fate most gloomy for our meed,  
Thy tongue, O Virgin, hath decreed.

GRO.

Lo! hence I steer my course aloof,  
And seek my father's well-known roof;  
A speedy messenger I fly,  
Tremble, the vengeful foe is nigh.

BESSUS.

But, virgin, first thy name declare,  
Unfold thy lineage to our ear.

GRO.

GRO is my name, my father reigns  
Illustrious o'er these woods and plains:  
Glowing with blood, in arms of light  
He moves, and thins the ranks of fight.  
Now to me *thy* name declare,  
Thy birth and lineage to my ear.

BESSUS.

The flame of war my bosom fires,  
With terror struck my foe retires.  
BESSUS, the dreadful name I bear,  
The nations tremble when they hear.  
My red right arm is often dyed  
Deep in the blood of hostile pride.

GRO.

Dost thou direct the battle? say:  
If not, what chief dost thou obey?



BESSUS.

GRAM leads our army from afar,  
Blest with the spoils of prosperous war;  
Whose dauntless soul no power or force  
Can stagger in his destin'd course.  
Should fire and cruel sword assail,  
The fire and cruel sword would fail:  
Vain is the ocean's rage; he braves  
The roaring sea, and all its waves.  
Under this leader, gold-hair'd maid,  
Our warlike banners are display'd.

GRO.

Retreat with speed, lest else you feel  
Your bodies bound with chains of steel;  
Or else my angry father throw  
Your corpses to the glutton crow.

BESSUS.

First he to GRAM shall yield his breath,  
Devoted to the house of death,  
Ere *he* his eyes in might shall close,  
Ere *he* shall feed the glutton crows,  
Sent by the neck-entangling chain  
Down to the dreary dark domain.  
With us in empty air are lost  
The terrors of a Suevian host.

GRO.

Insolent man, and vainly bold,  
When we our kindred troops behold,  
You'll wish to fly, but wish too late,  
Sink in the dust, and curse your fate.

BESSUS.

O daughter! haste, from all alarms  
Securely seek thy father's arms;  
Not on our heads destruction call,  
Or bid the sudden fates appal.  
Calm each tumult of thy breast,  
Let thy swelling passions rest.  
Oft, though reluctant first and shy,  
They with enkindled anger fly;  
Oft have I found the next attack  
Hath brought the willing females back.

GRAM.

Think not, O maid! the giant race  
Under this shaggy garb you trace;  
Banish the cheek of pallid fear,  
No danger lurks in ambush near.  
Nor ever, but with mutual love,  
Sought I the genial bed to prove.

GRO.

One of the giant brood to wed,  
To press the monster-bearing bed,

What madness would desire? The seed  
Of Demons in her womb to breed?  
What hand would press the thorny spray?  
Who stamps pure kisses on the clay?  
To bristly limbs what gentle bride  
Her bosom joins, and tender side?  
When back abhorrent nature starts,  
Love claims no seat in human hearts;  
Where ugly prodigies abound,  
No female passion e'er was found.

## GRAM.

This chain, a constant trophy worn,  
From necks of boastful princes torn,  
This radiant gold, accept, and wear;  
Let it unfailing witness bear,  
A lasting promise let it twine,  
That thou in wedlock wilt be mine.

He said, and stripp'd off his disguise,  
His native beauty met her eyes,  
She saw the change, dismiss'd her pain,  
And own'd her former terrors vain.

K.





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*HOTHER.\**

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FROM THE SAME.

**H**OTHER left the sounding shore,  
 Through the woods he sought the boar.  
 O'er his head a tempest pass'd,  
 His companions shunn'd the blast.  
 Him a glittering cloud led on,  
 (HOTHER, valour's chosen son!)  
 'Till before his wond'ring eyes  
 He a lofty portal spies;  
 There the fatal sisters stand,  
 He accosts the virgin band;

Who are ye, whose floor I tread?  
 Wherefore am I hither led?

We o'er war and death preside;  
 We direct the battle's tide,  
 Closely hid from mortal view,  
 We protect the favour'd few;

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\* See Olaus Magnus.

Whom we please success shall crown,  
 Dreadful is our angry frown.  
 We the warrior kill, or save,  
 We to conquest urge the brave.  
 Take these arms, for thee decreed,  
 Thou in battle shalt not bleed.  
 Thine the helm, and shield of proof  
 Forg'd beneath our magic roof.  
 But with BALDER shun the fight,  
 He shall ne'er confess thy might:  
 (BALDER, secret seed of heaven!)  
 Take the armour we have given.

Forth they rush on wings of wind,  
 Not a trace is left behind.

HOTHER sought the strife of spears,  
 Days pass'd by, and rolling years.  
 Safe he stood from hostile wound,  
 But his foes increas'd around:  
 In the dust his warriors lie,  
 Misery dims his eagle eye.  
 He through gloomy wilds proceeds,  
 Pondering on his future deeds;  
 In a cave the sisters stand,  
 He accosts the virgin band:

I have join'd the fight in vain,  
Take the fatal gift again.  
Cruel sisters to deceive,  
I no more your words believe.  
Though I bear no crimson stain,  
Take these arms of proof again.

Why these murmurs, mortal? say,  
Hath not ruin mark'd thy way?  
If not victor o'er thy foe,  
Thou hast laid his mightiest low:  
We have seen with equal joy  
Both engage, and both destroy.  
But if victory thou desire,  
Haste away with heels of fire,  
Ere the sparkling mead he sup,  
Haste and seize the fatal cup;  
Ere the banquet he can taste,  
Seize it—fly with winged haste.

He collects his shatter'd host,  
O'er the darkling vale he cross'd.  
Issuing forth at early dawn,  
Three fair virgins skim the lawn;  
From the adverse tents they bear  
Cates delicious, regal fare.  
Though with speed away they flew,  
He trac'd their footsteps in the dew:



Then their secret haunts explor'd,  
 (In his scabbard slept the sword)  
 Quick he tun'd his melting lute;  
 They attend with rapture mute.  
 Eat thy fill, they cry, and sup  
 Freely from the golden cup;  
 Then a girdle bright bestow,  
 Purer than the mountain snow,  
 Duly wove with magic might,  
 Powerful to prevail in fight.

Back he trod the pathless glade;  
 Forth he drew his shining blade:  
 On he rush'd with panting breath;  
 Dreadful was the work of death.  
 The vanquisht chief, his heroes, fall—  
 Ruin grim involves them all.

K.



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*THE INCANTATION OF HERVA.*

FROM THE SAME.\*

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HERVA.

AWAKE, ANGANTYR!—wandering wild,  
Thine, and SUFA's only child,  
HERVA bids uplift thy head  
From the slumbers of the dead.  
From the tomb thy aid afford;  
Give, oh! give the harden'd sword  
Which to SUFURLAMA brave  
The spirits of the mountain gave.

HERVARDYR! HIOR! RANI! hear!  
Where with shield, and bloody spear,  
With helmet, mail, and falchion keen,  
You lie by human eyes unseen.  
Where the trees o'ershade the ground,  
Where they spread their roots around,  
With ANGANTYR heed my call,  
From sleep, from sleep, I rouse you all.

---

\* See Five pieces of Runic Poetry.

Sons of ANGRYM, heed my lay!  
 Are you turn'd to silent clay?  
 Once exulting in the fight,  
 Are you whelm'd by endless night?  
 Heedless of their daughters' cries,  
 Will none of EYVOR's offspring rise?  
 In your mansions deep and drear,  
 HARVARDYR! HIOR! RANI! hear.

May your wasted bodies lie  
 As the carcase for the fly;  
 May your rib-clos'd hearts decay,  
 And melt in tainted steams away;  
 If you refuse the polisht blade,  
 By the mountain spirits made;  
 If you refuse my hands to hold,  
 The glorious belt which flames with gold.

ANGANTYR.

Daughter! whose spells of magic breath  
 Rouse me from my sleep of death,  
 Cease—thy purpos'd aim forbear—  
 Ruin dire awaits thy prayer.  
 Madly-rash thy footsteps tread,  
 Desperate thou to wake the dead.  
 Me, nor friend, nor father, grac'd,  
 In my tomb by strangers plac'd,



Others wav'd the glittering blade,  
By the mountain spirits made,  
Still a warrior lives to hold  
TIRFING, and its belt of gold.

HERVA.

Falsehood issues through the gloom;  
So may ODIN guard thy tomb,  
As, every word to truth allied,  
The falchion now deserts thy side.  
Thy only child, ANGANTYR, know;  
The inheritance she asks bestow.

ANGANTYR.

HERVA, listen! I survey  
Future times in dread array.  
Bid a long farewell to joy,  
TIRFING shall thy race destroy.  
Scarce a man remains alive,  
Yet a stripling shall survive,  
Again to wield the sword of fame,  
HEIDREK bold the warrior's name.

HERVA.

Be all my mystic charms exprest!  
Never shall the dead have rest,  
'Till, ANGANTYR, to my hand  
TIRFING yields the fatal brand,

Sharp devourer of the shield,  
Which pierc'd HIALMAR in the field.

ANGANTYR.

Virgin of intrepid brow!  
Surely more than woman thou:  
At midnight thus alone to rove,  
To seek the tombs and solemn grove;  
The helm and mailed coat to bear,  
To shake the magic-graven spear,  
And brave with stern and threatening call  
The terrors of our yawning hall.

[*The tomb opens.*]

HERVA.

Ere it unfolded to my sight,  
I fancied thee of matchless might.  
Give from the tomb with speed of thought  
The work the mountain spirits wrought,  
Whose edge all arms of proof defies;  
No longer hide it from my eyes.

ANGANTYR.

Beneath my shoulders, wrapt in flame,  
HIALMAR's death, the sword of fame,  
Tremendous rests.—No virgin's hand,  
Whate'er her birth, or native land,  
Will surely dare excite its ire,  
And grasp it mid surrounding fire.

HERVA.

This hand shall seize it in the tomb;  
Nor will, I trust, the flames consume,  
Which quivering round thy face I see,  
But dreadless and despis'd by me.

ANGANTYR.

Rash, and unthinking maid, retire,  
Lest in a moment thou expire.  
These flames are death to all who live—  
HERVA, the fatal sword I give;  
No longer from thy eyes conceal'd,  
Take it from the tomb, unveil'd.

[*He throws it to her.*]

HERVA.

Well didst thou cast it forth unveil'd,  
No longer from my eyes conceal'd,  
Offspring of heroes! well for thee—  
O prince! that now I wield it free,  
With joy sincerer throbs my breast  
Than if all *Norway* I possess.

ANGANTYR.

Woman! to the future blind!  
Self-illusions cheat thy mind.  
TIRFING, source of fancied joy,  
All thy offspring shall destroy.



HERVA.

Hark! my sea-men chide my stay;  
To them I haste without delay.  
Let my sons hereafter wage  
Mutual war, with mutual rage.  
King of men, be foresight thine,  
To laugh at future ills be mine.

ANGANTYR.

Keep HIALMAR's fatal dread  
'Till many a year rolls o'er thy head;  
Its edges touch, their keenness feel,  
Poison dire imbues the steel:  
Avenger stern, which shuns repose,  
Fierce devourer of its foes!

HERVA.

I shall keep the fatal brand;  
Lo! I grasp it in my hand.  
In the field, or on the main,  
Let my future sons be slain.  
Death-doom'd prince! no fears I feed,  
Let them struggle, let them bleed.

ANGANTYR.

Daughter, I resist no more—  
Twelve I grant thee, steep'd in gore,

Heroes twelve to press the plain :  
 Give thy ardent soul the rein,  
 'Till thou hold in strict embrace  
 The heritage of ANGRYM's race.

HERVA.

I relax my potent spell;  
 In your tombs securely dwell.

[*The tomb closes.*]

With haste I go from whence I came,  
 For round me glows portentous flame.  
 With speed I t'ward my ships retire ;  
 For here I breathe and move in fire.

K.



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**Elegiac Pieces.**

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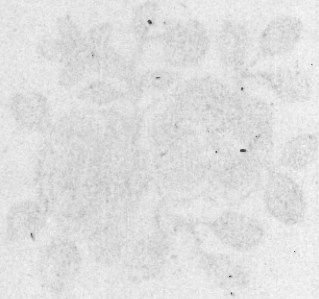


174  
The passage of Anson's fleet  
Gave the world a new sight  
Of the world in a new light  
The passage of Anson's fleet

I thank my potent spell  
That your words are so well

With haste I go from hence I mean  
To see the world in a new scene  
With speed I'll seek my ships resort  
For here I breathe and live in sport

Electric fire



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## Elegiac Pieces.

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### LINES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,\*

ON THE AUTHOR'S LEAVING BOSTON IN 1775, FOR THE CURE OF HIS  
WOUNDS SUSTAINED AT BUNKER'S-HILL.

---

OH, DORILAS, and must we part?

Alas! the fatal day!

And must I leave thee, generous youth,

And tempt the raging sea?

Must we untwine the firmest link

In Friendship's golden chain?

'Tis so stern Destiny decrees;

And Friendship pleads in vain.

In infancy, ere reason dawn'd,

We felt her sacred beam:

'Twas Love instinctive fill'd the spot,

Where now dwells pure esteem.

---

\* Colonel (then Lieutenant) Simcoe.

And as we ripen'd into man,  
That love was still the same;  
Save that the spark, in childhood nurs'd,  
Glow'd with a stronger flame.

Say, had thy EDWARD e'er a grief,  
That was not mourn'd by thee;\*  
Or hadst thou e'er a secret joy,  
Which brighten'd not in me?

Each thought, each act, seem'd but to flow  
From one united mind;  
So close had Friendship's magic pow'r  
Our mutual hearts entwin'd.

When late fell Discord rear'd her torch  
O'er *Boston's* hapless land;  
Unmov'd we left our weeping friends,  
At Honour's high command.

Together tempted Ocean's rage,  
And dar'd th' unequal war;  
For time had brighten'd to a sun  
Young Friendship's early star,

\* Whene'er had I a joy that was not POLYDORE's,  
Or POLYDORE a grief that was not mine?

ORPHAN, act I.



And must we part? my DORILAS!  
Yon signal speaks it true:  
The ship's unmoor'd, the canvas spread;  
Once more, dear friend, adieu!

To favouring winds and azure skies  
I spread my eager sails,  
And seek *Hygeia's* sacred fane  
In *Devon's* peaceful vales;

Whilst thou art doom'd in realms to pine,  
Where scorching *Sirius* reigns;  
Where pestilence pollutes the air,  
And carnage gluts the plains.

For me, my much-lov'd joyful sire  
The plenteous board prepares,  
And pale disease at length shall yield  
To soft maternal cares.

Yet let no jealous pang, lov'd youth,  
Deprive thy mind of rest;  
Nor think, that distance, time, or place,  
Shall rob thee of my breast.

Though parents fond, and anxious friends,  
Each joy prepare for me,

My sickening soul is ill at ease,  
Whilst thus bereft of thee.

Often I'll tread the enamell'd mead,  
Or climb the aspiring hill,  
Where Fancy once her revels kept  
Obedient to our will.

By her creative pencil touch'd,  
The cottage of the dale  
A crested castle tower'd to view,  
Which valiant knights assail.

Oft on yon flower-embroider'd lawn,  
Which skirts the waving wood,  
Ideal armies fiercely charg'd  
And dy'd the plain with blood.

The wood itself is hallow'd ground,  
Where *dryads* keep their court;  
Where *Pan* leads up the sylvan dance,  
And jocund *satyrs* sport.

How oft together have we stray'd  
By *Isca's*\* silver streams,  
In meditations rapt like these,  
And visionary dreams!

\* The river *Exe*.

How oft, beneath yon hoary oak,  
Indulg'd the noon-tide hour,  
Entranc'd by SHAKESPEARE'S wood-notes wild,  
Or SPENSER'S faery power!

Still at that hour, oh! well-known tree,  
I'll court thy friendly shade:  
There violets bloom, the cowslip bends  
Its dew-besprinkled head.

Ill-boding flower! ah me! e'en now,  
Far from his native land,  
A fairer floweret droops to earth,  
Oppress'd by Death's cold hand.

Horror! behold his mangled corse  
All bleeding on the shore;  
Ah! see the ruddy bloom of health  
Now paints that face no more.

Silent those lips, whose accents sweet  
Beguil'd the livelong day;  
Clos'd are those eyes, which fondly beam'd  
With Friendship's living ray.

Oh War! thou fell insatiate fiend,  
Yet spare his tender age!  
I pray in vain; he sinks beneath  
Thy undiscerning rage.



Alas! he wanton'd not in blood,  
Fame call'd him to the field;  
The proud opposer felt his sword,  
The vanquisht blest his shield.

His mind was of that steady bent,  
Which gives the mock to fear;  
His eye was of that melting sort,  
Which streams with Pity's tear.

Gentle his soul; yet to himself  
She breath'd her harshest tone;  
To others' griefs he gave the sigh,  
Which rose not for his own.

In him each pure and manly grace  
Was mix'd in just degree;  
Truth, filial love, affection kind,  
And bright sincerity.

What though around thy brow, brave youth!  
Glory her wreath shall twine;  
Say, can that wreath repair the loss  
Of virtues such as thine?

But stay: 'tis all illusive shade,  
The phantom of the brain;  
It sinks, it fades, it dies—and now  
I wake to life again.

And sure some God propitious now  
My labouring breast inspires;  
My soul its power prophetic feels,  
And glows with all its fires.

Thou shalt not fall, my DORILAS,  
By War's insatiate hand;  
Yet shalt thou live, oh, much-lov'd friend!  
To bless thy native land.

Yet shalt thou live, my DORILAS,  
This anxious mind to calm;  
And cheer a parent's drooping age  
With sweet Affection's balm.

The Virtues o'er their favourite son  
Will spread some secret charm,  
To check the bullet's deathful flight,  
And stay the uplifted arm:

And when Rebellion stern is crush'd,  
And War's alarms shall cease,  
Restore him to his long-lost home  
In victory and peace.

Come then, dear youth! thy wearied limbs  
Shall find a welcome rest;  
Come, with thy presence cheer the gloom  
Which darkens EDWARD's breast.

D. E.

*Greene*

---

*JULIA.*

---

AS in some sylvan boundary, where, lo!  
The lavish hand of Nature deigns to show  
Her gayest scenes, and rarest sweets, combin'd,  
To bless th' enlighten'd portion of mankind:  
The traveller views the rich assemblage o'er,  
Surpassing every landscape seen before;  
He strays delighted round, and still would stray;  
He looks, and so would look his life away!  
Nor seen alone, the prospect pleasure gives,  
Within his memory ever dear it lives.

So I, beholding JULIA's angel-face,  
Where partial nature, with peculiar grace,  
A glorious set of finish'd features join'd  
To express the beauties of her heavenly mind;  
As o'er each sweet my eyes too fondly rov'd,  
And hung on charms they more and more approv'd;  
My heart, according with my raptur'd sight,  
Susceptible, and trembling with delight;  
And throbbing to its centre, soon confest,  
In all her loveliness, the enchanting guest.



'Twas no delusive spark of wild desire,  
That thus my bosom could so brightly fire:  
The assuming port, the bold display of art,  
The glance that wantons from th' unfaithful heart,  
That for some treacherous end still pants to please,  
Ne'er yet could influence me—'twas none of these:—  
But 'twas a polish'd frame of fairest hue,  
A face all blushing sweetness to the view!  
A meek deportment with the noblest air,  
Such ease, as every grace presided there;  
'Twas the soft lightening that beneath the shade  
Of each delicious eye-lash mildly play'd;  
The timid, tender looks, that well express'd  
The corresponding timid, tender breast;  
The dulcet sounds that on her utterance hung,  
Like music parting from a Seraph's tongue;  
These were my JULIA's, and alone could move  
My guarded soul to such excess of love.

Oft since did Wisdom sternly strive to oppose  
(But strove in vain) the power she rarely knows;  
Oft urg'd the distance of our different states,  
For each presaging equal-distant fates;  
As planets, doom'd in separate spheres to shine,  
Ev'n though they affect each other, ne'er must join.

But Love, more eloquent, as oft denied  
Th' erroneous doctrine when to his power applied;

His power, that, aiming at benigner ends,  
All ranks alike without distinction blends;  
And thence, the kindred souls that sympathize,  
In cordial union still decrees to arise;  
As thus, so will'd the informing spirit, first,  
From Chaos forth harmonious nature burst.

*Hand*  
O did the same dear advocate impart  
But like conviction to my JULIA's heart;  
Did the same gentle breathings but incline  
Her sympathizing soul to tend to mine:  
Did she but deign, like radiant LUNA's beam,  
Whose softest ray illumines the valley-stream;  
To glance benignly sweet, and kindly bright,  
On him whose dearest splendor's her lov'd light;  
To o'erlook whate'er his humbler state may prove,  
And view him peerless as he is in love:  
Deign with presiding tenderness to rest,  
And when she blesses most, be then most truly blest.

O then might (if they would) Ambition's train  
Their incense offer, and their gifts, in vain;  
Court me, approv'd, their brightest crown to wear,  
Their treasures take, or flattering titles bear;  
I'd spurn them all, nor joy e'er wish to know,  
That did not hallow'd from my JULIA flow.

In her sweet smiles to lose my every care,  
The warm affections of her breast to share;  
List to her voice, or o'er her aspect rove,  
In rapturous glances of enthusiast-love,  
A world's profusion I'd for this resign;  
A world well lost, were she alone but mine.

E.

*Emott*



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WRITTEN ON VISITING  
*THE RUINS OF DUNKESWELL-ABBEY,*  
*IN DEVONSHIRE,*  
SEPT. 1786.

---

BLEST be the power, by heaven's own flame inspir'd,  
That first through shades monastic pour'd the light;  
Where, with unsocial indolence retir'd,  
Fell Superstition reign'd in tenfold night;  
Where, long sequester'd from the vulgar sight,  
Religion fetter'd lay, her form unknown  
'Mid direful gloom, and many a secret rite;  
'Till now releas'd she claims her native throne,  
And gilds the awakening world with radiance all her  
own.

O sacred source of sweet celestial peace,  
From age to age in darksome cells confin'd!  
Blest be the voice that bade thy bondage cease,  
And sent thee forth, to illuminate the blind,  
Support the weak, and raise the sinking mind:  
By thee the soul her native strength explores,  
Pursues the plan by favouring heaven assign'd,

Through Truth's fair path the enlighten'd spirit soars,  
And the Great Cause of All with purer rites adores.

How oft confin'd within this narrow grate,  
With souls aspiring to a world's applause,  
Have free-born spirits mourn'd their hapless fate!  
Some hero ardent in his country's cause,  
Some patriot form'd to give a nation laws,  
Or in life's milder scenes with honour shine;  
When each bright hope a father's hand withdraws,  
And dooms his child, from every prospect fair,  
To long unvarying years of lonely deep despair.

When darkness now with silence reigns around,  
As the faint sun withdraws his glimmering beams;  
(Save when to render horror more profound,  
On the rough grate the pale moon quivering gleams,  
And through the lengthening aisle the owlet screams)  
Then, lull'd by Fancy's visionary train,  
His long-lost friends frequent his blissful dreams;  
He spends his days of childhood o'er again,  
'Till sounds the midnight bell, and proves the vision  
vain.

Yet let the hand of desolating time  
These sinking towers and mouldering walls revere;  
For not with useless pride they rose sublime:  
Fair Science stor'd her choicest treasures here,

When Rapine whirl'd aloft her threatening spear,  
When Murder reign'd, by Gothic ignorance crown'd:  
On every plain the barbarous bands appear;  
Fierce Discord bids her hostile trumpet sound,  
And War, in crimson'd robe, tremendous stalks around.

Though now in ruin'd majesty they lie,  
The fading reliques of departed days;  
Yet shall their change no useless theme supply,  
No trivial subject for the poet's lays:  
For as the thoughtful mind these scenes surveys,  
Whose solemn shades reflection's powers invite,  
Their falling pomp that awful hand displays,  
Which can from transient ill, and mental night,  
Educe eternal good, and intellectual light.

H. T.

*Hunt*



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*LINES*

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ON THE

*DEATH OF A SISTER.*

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A long farewell to thee, so justly dear,  
My tenderest sister, and my valued friend!  
Oh! could I shed the heart-relieving tear,  
As trembling over thy lone tomb I bend!

Oft have I tried to soften every care,  
And lull to rest each sorrow which was thine:  
In all my griefs thou too sustain'dst a share,  
And all thy pleasures—all thy friends were mine!

Alas! no more her mildly-sparkling eye  
Shall bid me welcome to her lov'd abode:  
Ere-long shall pensive memory breathe a sigh,  
Where once Affection's mutual feelings glow'd.

Oh! may the tender pledges that require  
The fix'd attention of a Father's thought,  
Revere her virtues, and with fond desire  
Her steps pursue, by her example taught.

Haply her spirit, in angelic form,  
May guard her children through this dreary scene;  
Though viewless may conduct them through the storm,  
And oft survey them with a look serene.

How like a saint the suffering Christian died!  
Death's horrid visage had for her no fears:  
With stedfast hope she on her GOD relied,  
And from her mind expell'd all-earth-born cares.

She blest her children with her parting breath,  
And on her husband cast her lingering sight:  
His hand she claspt, and, constant e'en in death,  
Beam'd on his face love's purest, gentlest light.

May winged cherubs, from the realms sublime,  
Oh! dearest shade, to meet thee swift descend;  
Guide thy free spirit to the ethereal clime,  
And bid thee taste of bliss which ne'er shall end!

L. E.

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HONORA.

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LONG hath the pensive Muse her Dorian flute  
Thrown by, to moulder in the shade: for, here,  
Where painted Affectation nods her plumes  
Fantastic, and her varying glance Caprice  
Flings round, as through the mazes of the dance  
With airy vanity she swims,—the strain  
Would idly flow. Yet shall the Dorian Flute  
Warble soft numbers, while one *favourite Maid*  
Merits my praise. Yonder HONORA moves,  
Suffus'd with blushes! Lo! the timid look,  
The meek demeanor, and each artless smile,  
And every grace simplicity inspires!

And still, my fair HONORA, still pursue  
The steps of truth; nor let the pageant glare  
Of art, or fashion, lure thee from the paths  
Thy genuine sense approves. So shall the rose,  
'Mid Nature's simple graces, as it blooms,  
More sweetly tinge thy cheeks! and not in vain  
Beauty shall mark thee fairest of the nymphs  
In all her train, and Elegance shall bid  
Her robe, in careless folds, float o'er thy form!



And ah! while Fancy's plumage idly waves,  
 And all the boasted brilliance of its hues  
 Fades at Reality's superior charm;  
 Ah! can the Bard, in faery regions, woo  
 Aërial deities? or court the Muse  
 Fictitious power? Far happier, if he gain  
 From *his* HONORA—happier—if he gain  
 (Bright Recompence!) one *smile* for all his *sighs*!

M.



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TO

ELIZA.

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YOU ask me what is Love. Hear all I know:  
It is not Reason's, 'tis not Nature's child—  
Thus speaks the experience of six thousand years—  
Reason's too proud, and Nature is too wild.

Yet barbarous Nature has been taught to feel,  
And proud Philosophy has learn'd to rest,  
When pierc'd by Fate's inevitable sting,  
In sweet dependance on another's breast.

When sense and intellect together join,  
The harmonious union forms the angel Love;  
Reason must regulate life's mad career,  
And teach the headlong passions how to move.

The effect is to its cause for ever due:  
Perfection must be lov'd; we are not free,  
Bound in the eternal chain divine—and hence  
Thou art the cause; the effect appears in me.

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TO THE SAME.

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ON SPENSER.

WHERE towers the castle o'er the craggy rock,  
Where with his UNA sits the red-cross knight,  
There SPENSER walks Invention's faery path,  
And views through circling mists the golden light.

Take we our stand amid the enchanted ground,  
And see in arms the *Paynim* crew advance;  
Indignant champions wave the vengeful steel,  
In Virtue's cause they shake the threatening lance.

Behold the terrors of a Gothic night!  
The giant sorcerer grasps his massy shield;  
Imprison'd beauty shrieks in wild alarm,  
And fiends infernal skim the flaming field.

It marks the genius of a barbarous age,  
To see the wizard ride the foaming wave;  
To see the spectre stride the blasted heath,  
While forests crash, and storms destructive rave.

The language and the thoughts are ancient all,  
Speaking the temper of unletter'd time,  
When superstition held her dreary reign  
Down from the Pole to Afric's burning clime.



Still o'er the nation hung romantic gloom,  
Though Fancy call it *England's* brightest age;  
For GLORIANA rul'd the warlike state,  
While SIDNEY bled, and SHAKSPEARE rais'd the  
stage.

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## TO THE SAME.

How, walking thus, beneath yon spangled sky,  
Can man forget the Architect Divine?  
Say, would'st thou mix philosophy with love?  
The Muse obedient hears each wish of thine.

Light first arose—this world, the ethereal spheres  
Harmonious moved. Let sceptic reason plod,  
Mingling its darkness with the beams of heaven;  
Still Nature is the effect—the cause is GOD.

Earth's puny lords, intent on mortal things,  
With heedless glance inspect the time to come,  
Turning with rapture to the little day  
When *Athens* tower'd supreme, or gorgeous *Rome*.

Yet mightiest empires are confin'd to earth;  
The soul, entranc'd with greatness, soars to trace  
Existence to its fount, and there beholds  
The Power immense, who acts thro' boundless space.

Should Fate transport thee to the farthest star  
The eye can reach, still would above thee bend  
Heaven's glittering concave, like the expanse below,  
Space fill'd with life, creation without end.

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TO THE SAME.

---

ON GRAY.

MIX thy soft tear with GRAY's enchanting line,  
The sparkling tribute Taste can ne'er refuse:  
Virtue and Genius pour the melting verse,  
The noblest effort of the mournful Muse.

His liberal eye, to purest nature true,  
O'erlooks the mansions of the trophied dead:  
He loves to sit beneath the yew-tree's gloom,  
Which shades the tenant of the rustic shed.

He mounts with daring step the lyric car;  
He paints the Prophet high o'er *Conway's* flood,  
When the first EDWARD, in his tyrant hand,  
Grasp'd *England's* falchion, black with *Cambrian*  
blood.

From rock to rock, when vengeance-spreading death  
Left but one tuneful tongue her crimes to tell,  
Then Poetry and Empire sunk at once,  
The Celtic harp was broke—LEWELLYN fell.

Which most will Rapture's generous soul admire,  
His ardent numbers, or sweet moral song?  
He claims, and bears a double meed—the crown  
Of Elegy and Ode to him belong.

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TO THE SAME.

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ON THE

*FEMALE CHARACTER.*

In ancient days, ere Love or Science smil'd,  
Each human being roam'd the uncultur'd shade  
In native wildness; Reason's potent voice  
Not yet had form'd the man, or Taste the maid.

Long ages pass'd, barbaric, rough, and dark,  
Ere first Refinement shed its genuine zest;  
Long ages roll'd with cruel manners fraught,  
Ere softness deck'd with charms the female breast.



When *Rome's* wide theatres were stain'd with gore,  
'Midst death elate the fearless matron stood;  
Heedless of every grace which polish'd life,  
She saw unmov'd the dying Champion's blood.

The tilt—the tournament—of Gothic days  
Alike were fatal to the female heart;  
Anxious to pay the prize which courage claim'd,  
She hail'd the conquering knight, the ensanguin'd  
dart.

Let ancient worth produce its patriot toil,  
Its glowing force of speech, its trophies won;  
Music is our's, each gentler virtue blooms,  
And female elegance is all our own.

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TO THE SAME.

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ON TIME.

YOU say, consider TIME, its ceaseless change,  
Its rapid movement; and while thus you lead  
Onward to Fate's unfathomable deep,  
Together we will think—together read.

Turn to the Historian's page, the tale of man;  
In endless course there kings and armies rise;  
Warm with revenge the embattled legions meet,  
They fight as if immortal were the prize.

We scarcely shift the leaf, and all decays;  
New kings, new armies, as we read, appear:  
The same imperial lust gives war its fires,  
They shine, and terminate their brief career.

And what is Fame acquir'd by deeds renown'd?  
The scanty record of short honours past:  
But while terrestrial glory sinks in dust,  
Virtue survives, her strong impressions last.

No more of TIME, my charming friend—thy face  
Was form'd for joy, though pleasure swiftly flies;  
Confess this truth, yet cherish flattering hope,  
Man lives this moment, and the next he dies.

N.

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*OSSIAN*DEPARTING TO HIS FATHERS.

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IMITATED FROM

*MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN,*1780.

---

WHERE the dark torrent rolls o'er *Lutha's* vale,  
And from the rock the thistle's beard is driv'n,  
The floweret trembles to the northern gale,  
Weary and cover'd with the drops of heaven.

And "why, O gale, awake me?" (as it heaves  
Its sleepy head) it says, or seems to say;  
"The blast shall scatter all my fading leaves,  
"Ere *Lutha's* woody skirts are ting'd with day.

"To-morrow shall the pensive traveller come,  
"Who in my bright attire remembers me;  
"O'er all the field his wishful eyes may roam,  
"But never more those eyes my place shall see."



So for the harp of OSSIAN shall, in vain,  
The hunter, at the dawn of morning, seek:  
"Where is the son of high FINGAL? the strain  
"Sweet to my soul!" a tear shall wet his cheek.

Here, as I cast my vagrant eyes around,  
On melancholy *Lutha* left alone,  
My voice is like the wind's last dying sound,  
When it forsakes the woods with feeble moan.

The venerable oak its branches bends  
Over the gloomy stream; and, as it sighs  
Through all its hoary moss, the murmur blends  
With the rude whistling fern where OSSIAN lies.

Yet not at distance I behold the day  
When I exclaim'd, "The joy of youth returns:  
"Son of the Rock, come listen to my lay,  
"With thoughts of other times my bosom burns.

"So when the howling spirit of the north  
"Hath ceas'd the dark-red mountain to deform,  
"Amid the western sky the sun looks forth  
"In brightness, from behind the broken storm.

"Its dewy *head* each upland forest rears;  
"Fresh in the vale rejoices the blue stream;  
"The aged warrior on his staff appears,  
"And lo, his grey locks glitter in the beam."

Thus, with the glow of former years, I said;  
And, as the many-colour'd days of old  
Were mark'd with deeds of heroes, I survey'd  
The traces of the tales I once had told.

I saw CUTHULLIN's car, the flame of death,  
As *Swaran* darken'd, like a roaring flood:  
I saw his high-man'd coursers spurn the heath,  
Snort o'er the slain, and bathe their hoofs in blood.

I saw, as midnight the wild wood o'ercast,  
Sudden the ghost of CRUGAL:—Hah! he stands  
Dim and in tears! “My spirit in the blast,  
(He faintly cries) “my corse on *Erin's* sands.”

As reedy *Lego's* gale, his voice was shrill;  
Dark was his wound: his eyes, decaying flame:  
He stood, as the dun mist that robes the hill,  
And the stars twinkled through his shadowy frame.

And AGANDECCA shone upon my sight,  
Fair as the moon slow-rising o'er the grove;  
Around her, beauty beaming as the light,  
Her steps were music, and her sigh was love.

Alas! ev'n now I mourn the crimson tide,  
Her blue eyes fill'd with tears, her hair's soft flow;  
I see the red-brow'd STARNO pierce her side;  
I see her falling like a wreath of snow.

And I beheld the raven-tressed maid,  
Who scorn'd, for OSSIAN's love, full many a chief;  
And, as I gaz'd upon her beauteous shade,  
Cherish'd, yet once again, the joy of grief.

I saw the blooming youth of *Fillan* fall  
Amidst the strife of *Erin's* carnag'd field;  
While, in the stillness of his distant hall,  
The cold blood wander'd o'er his rifted shield.

Then too I saw the warrior's helmet-plume  
Scatter'd and torn:—I heard him, as he spoke,  
“OSSIAN! with pity mark thy *FILLAN's* doom,  
“I faint—O lay me in that hollow rock!”

I saw *SULMALLA* trembling as the roe,  
When for her native lands she heav'd a sigh;  
And *CATHMAR* musing on the virgin's woe,  
Her vagrant footsteps and her fearful eye.

Where infant *CARTHON* leapt with thoughtless joy,  
As the bright flame involv'd his father's halls,  
I saw in desolated silence lie  
The dreary ruin of *Balclutha's* walls.

Once sweetly-soothing to my pensive soul,  
Such airy visions could my sighs awake;  
The soft-reflected forms on memory stole,  
Like moon-beams fading from a distant lake.



And they were pleasant as the morning dew,  
That hangs, bright-clustering, on the hill of roes;  
Where the sun faintly spreads its orient hue,  
And the grey waters in the vale repose.

Ev'n now the ghosts of passing Bards I hear,  
And catch their harpings as they glide along:  
But cold, alas! is OSSIAN's closing ear;  
No more I listen to the Sons of Song.

Then, O FINGAL, who dauntless in the fight  
Didst whirl thy falchion, like the lightning's sheet;  
And, as the tempest, raging in thy might,  
Bid the rocks burst in fragments at thy feet;

Thou, who, at *Loda*, couldst proclaim aloud,  
(Eager the dismal spirit to withstand)  
His sword a meteor, and his shield a cloud,  
Though blasts were in the hollow of his hand;

Though thunder was his voice, and flame his breath,  
His dreadful form bent forward from on high;  
His nostrils pouring pestilential death,  
As the pale nations vanish'd from his eye;

Thou, who couldst bid thy LUNO's massy blade  
Through the dark ghost its gleaming path disclose;  
While, as he shriek'd, the deep's still'd wave was stay'd,  
And, roll'd into himself, upon the winds he rose;

Hear, glorious Chief, and ope thy vaulted hall;  
I come—yet harping shall I mix with air:  
Bear, O ye winds, my accents to FINGAL,  
The voice of him, who prais'd the mighty, bear.

The northern blasts, O king, thy gates unfold:  
Dimly in all thy arms I see thee gleam;  
Yet not as erst, the terror of the bold,  
Though by thy power the stormy meteors stream.

There is a murmur on the heath—I hear  
The voice of high FINGAL—that seems to say,  
(Long, long hath it been absent from mine ear)  
“Come to my halls, come OSSIAN, come away!”

Though silent are the plains where battle rung,  
Yet in the four grey stones we rest our fame;  
In woody *Selma* hath our harp been strung,  
Though its tones vanish'd as the vapoury flame.

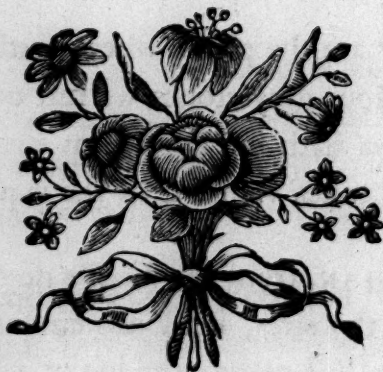
“Come, OSSIAN, from thy *Cona*’s desert vales!  
“Sail with thy sires, in clouds embosom’d deep,  
“O’er heaven!” I come; the life of OSSIAN fails:  
By *Mora*’s dim stone I shall sink to sleep.

The winds shall whistle to my earthy bed;  
And they may lift my wither’d tresses hoar:  
But OSSIAN cannot wake—his clay-cold head  
Is doom’d to feel the rustling blast no more.

Yet shall my fame survive this feeble form,  
And, like the towering oak of *Morven* grow,  
Which proudly lifts its head to meet the storm,  
And waves in triumph o'er the wreck below!

P.  
*Polwhele*

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TO*John Keble*  
A GENTLEMAN,

WHO SHED TEARS IN COMPANY ON THE INTELLIGENCE THAT  
A FRIEND HAD DIED AT SEA OF A FRENZY FEVER.

1780.

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O BLEST! (though Apathy may boast the power  
Of unmov'd features in the trying hour)  
Blest be the tribute of those tears, that start  
From Friendship's eye, the mirrors of the heart!

And ah! may *he*, whose vainly-social soul,  
(Unheeding as it riots o'er the bowl)  
With not a whisper from Reflection, hears  
"How droop'd the spirit and the bloom of years;  
"Sudden the victims of the oblivious grave—  
"The shrivel'd corse—its winding-sheet a wave;"  
May *he*, despis'd by all the feeling, live,  
'Nor taste one favour that the muse can give!'

For thee, who oft when Sorrow's form appears,  
Dost melt with female weakness into tears,

Though grinning Folly thy repose invade,  
Pity shall veil thee in her softest shade;  
Shall love thy sigh, when from his country torn,  
Amid the murmurs of the deep forlorn,  
Without one friend thy lost companion lies,  
Without one friend to soothe him ere he dies!  
Shall love thy tear, when not a star's dim light  
Twinkles across the darkness of his night!  
Pity shall tremble, as before thee glow  
All the wild visions of severest woe;  
As Frenzy, scowling on his short quick breath,  
Hurries the fever of his brain to death;  
As the lone spirit leaves its struggling clay,  
And the last pangs of anguish faint away!

P.  
*Polish*

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*LAURA's RINGLET.*

1783.

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DEAR was the moment, when the gentle fair  
Gave to my wishes, with consenting eyes,  
A Lock, that, sever'd from her lovely hair,  
Could soften all my bosom into sighs!

*And dear those moments that so sweetly stole*  
A pang from absence, and impell'd my lyre  
To wake each fond emotion of the soul  
In melting ardors and a Poet's fire!

Then Fancy stream'd her visions on the muse,  
And many a transitory form portray'd;  
Pictur'd ærial Sylphs in vivid hues,  
And bid their little wings the Lock o'ershade.

But quick their fluid shapes dissolve in air,  
And other beings rise, as fancy wills—  
Lo! drawn by turtles in her ivory car,  
Appears the Goddess of the *Paphian* hills!



And thus: "That ringlet to my power resign—

"For, from its kindred tresses though it part,

"To give it brighter beauties shall be mine,

"With all the skill of imitative art.

"What though the fam'd BELINDA's ravish'd hair

"May add new glory to the distant skies—

"Yet shall thy LAURA's Lock eclipse the star

"That vainly shoots, and kindles as it flies!

"Chang'd to the semblance of a female form,

("The fairest that a Deity can feign)

"Can this, with all the glow of colors warm,

"Start into mimic life, to bloom in vain?"

She said—and from my hand the ringlet caught,

And sudden to my wondering sight display'd

Thy gift, my LAURA, to a picture wrought,

With all the varied charms of light and shade!

And "here," she cried, (while round the fluttering loves

Breath'd on the roseate cheeks their softest blooms)

"Behold a nymph, more gentle than my doves,

"Or zephyr, sighing 'midst my *Cyprian* glooms!

"See the pure spirit of a native grace

"To all her mien a lovelier air impart!

"And see that meek expression of a face

"Where in each genuine look we read the heart!

" These speaking eyes a charm from nature steal,  
" Which vainly would the Rhetor's powers supply;  
" For ah, more sweetly-eloquent we feel  
" The language of the never-silent eye!

" Nor let her *Attic* robe escape thy view  
" That no vain-tinsel'd pageantry betrays—  
" Such as the pencil of *APELLES* drew,  
" And *Grecian* virgins wore in ancient days!

" 'Twas then the spirit of this nymph divine  
" Shone to *Electra's* bard, in golden dreams;  
" As oft he woo'd the favours of the Nine  
" Amid the murmur of *Ilyssus'* streams.

" But ah—how long—how heavily opprest,  
" While *Athens* moulder'd into dust, she lay—  
" With *Gothic* darkness brooding o'er her breast,  
" That gloom'd the sweetness of her soul away!

" If e'er the bards of *Arno's* oliv'd vale  
" A wild note warbled to the pensive maid,  
" Full soon, unheeding the degenerate tale,  
" She fled, with many a sigh, from *Pisa's* shade.

" Next, in her favourite isle, the harp she strung:  
" The *British* Minstrels triumph'd, as she came—  
" Hail'd her—divine *SIMPLICITY*; and sung  
" With all *Aonia's* harmony, her name.

- " Mark then her *image*, as depictur'd here  
    " She gives to zephyr her *Æolian shell*;  
" And mark that *altar*, which low-rising, near  
    " Yon *poplar*, crowns the solitary dell.
- " Glares round its pedestal no quaint design;  
    " Nor ought that meretricious art can boast:  
" To nature rear'd, the unaspiring shrine  
    " Appears, 'while unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.'
- " Lo there she bids, arrang'd with happiest taste,  
    " The primrose and the violet diffuse  
" Their mingled sweets, and blend in union chaste  
    " Their colors sombred o'er by twilight dews:
- " While my soft star, that loves, each evening hour,  
    " To hover o'er the stillness of the dale,  
" Amid the shadows of the poplar-bower  
    " Pours on the chequer'd shrine a lustre pale.
- " From thence no spicy clouds involve the skies:  
    " Her humbler offering are yon vernal wreaths;  
" And all the incense of her sacrifice  
    " Is but the incense that a field-flower breathes!"
- She spoke—and gave the PICTURE to my care,  
    And in the rich possession call'd me blest!  
" And place it next thy heart (she cried) for there—  
    " That heaving sigh already tells the rest!



“ Go then—where Imitation’s utmost art  
“ Has faintly copied (though employ’d by me)  
“ The bright original that fires thy heart;  
“ Go—and the living form in LAURA see!”

P.

*Polwhele*

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IN MEMORY OF THE LATE

*Mr. RACK,*

*OF BATH.*

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Go, then, benignant spirit, go,  
And with congenial spirits rest;  
Escap'd from every earthly woe,  
By Friendship's holiest wishes blest.

Merit, though snatch'd from mortal eye,  
Lives to Affection's memory dear;  
And worth like thine shall claim a sigh,  
From all who knew thee claim a tear.

How often with delight I trace  
Thy varied life,—an active scene;  
Or mark the friend of human race  
In sickness and in death serene!

Though in thy humble birth was found  
No flattering hope of future fame,  
And circumscrib'd in narrow bound,  
The hamlet only knew thy name,

Yet what can circumscribe the soul?\*

Soon with a spirited disdain  
Thy genius spurn'd the base controul  
Of fickle Fortune's galling chain.

Untutor'd in the classic school,  
Thy native sense could yet convey  
To wandering youth each moral rule,  
And guide them in the doubtful way.

Once too thy breast the favouring Muse†  
Saw with ambitious ardor warm;  
But soon she bade her faery views  
Cheat thy fond eye with fleeting charm.

And was the bright poetic bay  
No longer to thy brows decreed?  
Behold thy labours to repay,  
The wreath of truth thy nobler meed!

To spread each salutary art,  
By liberal plans‡ with skill design'd,  
And in historic§ strain impart  
Some fresh instruction to the mind.

\*"What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul?" GRAY.

† Volume of Poems by Mr. RACK.

‡ Institution of the Agricultural Society by Mr. R.

§ History of Somersetshire.



These were thy aims—on these shall fame  
Thy beautiful memorial raise,  
And gratitude diffuse her flame  
Through many a heart in future days.

And often, as her steps retire  
Far from a world of pomp and strife,  
Religion shall herself admire  
That evening mild which clos'd thy life.

Thy virtues, where thy relicks sleep,  
Shall hover in the silent air;  
And meek Simplicity shall weep  
Thy gentle manners, lingering there.

And there, while veil'd in lucid white,  
Her bosom shall incessant heave;  
Shall young Sincerity delight  
To deck her *Mentor's*\* honour'd grave.

P.

\* Alluding to *Mentor's* Letters.*P. W. H. C.*

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IN MEMORY OF THE LATE

*Mr. SLEECH,*

ARCHDEACON OF CORNWALL.

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SWEET is the balmy sigh, when sorrow grieves  
For friendship torn from all the hopes of earth;  
But doubly precious is the sigh, that heaves  
O'er the pale ashes of distinguish'd worth.

Lamented SLEECH! such excellence was thine,  
Through many a path of varying life display'd;  
Whether we view the dignified divine,  
Or trace thy virtues to the private shade.

While kindred minds thy traits of youth engage,  
Its bright unfolding bloom be theirs to paint;  
I only knew thy venerable age,  
Where mildly beam'd the Patriarch in the Saint!

Ah! first I knew thee, when thy liberal charge\*  
With all the spirit of thy CAMDEN† glow'd;  
And fraught with a benevolence, too large  
For narrow souls, in fine expansion flow'd.

\* At his visitation at Truro.

† Lord Camden, his patron.

Then, as thy open countenance effus'd  
The friendly lustre in its mental ray,  
O'ershadow'd by a pensive thought, that mus'd  
On the dim prospect of thy setting day;

Thy Clergy listen'd to the long adieu,\*  
Which yet to memory fond affection gives;  
And all the Father's reverend form withdrew,  
Which in the duteous heart unfading lives.

For who but hail'd the Father, as he saw  
Thy gracious mein the unthinking million move;  
Thy native dignity commanding awe,  
Thy condescending smile inspiring love?

And, oh! let piety repose awhile  
Upon thy warning voice, where memory owns,  
Fluent along the still cathedral aisle,  
The simple pathos in thy mellow tones;

Where memory, as thy strong persuasion pours  
Each unaffected accent on her ear,  
Yet in the Christian preacher, yet adores  
An energy that stamp'd thy faith sincere.

If from the public scene thy steps retire,  
Where every softer virtue loves to bless

\* The Archdeacon had several times on his visitations taken leave of his clergy.



Life's silent walk, the husband and the sire  
Blend their dear influence in thy calm recess:

There often shall thy genuine graces rise,  
There often thy domestic worth be trac'd  
By those who, closelier link'd in friendship's ties,  
Imbib'd thy feelings and thy cultur'd taste.

I too have mark'd thee musing with delight  
On the fair visions of thy earlier youth,  
When fiction, in *Athenian* glory bright,  
Led thy free fancy to the bower of truth.

And I have seen thee snatch the illusive charm,  
That gives to life's gay morn its vivid glow;  
And with the flush of long-lost feelings warm,  
Melt o'er the ideal portraitures of woe.

But many a brooding ill, that darkens life,  
To cloud those visionary views conspir'd;  
What time disease, amid thy dwelling rife,  
Thy wasting sons with fever'd venom fir'd.

Alas! it was thy doom to see disease  
Assail thy offspring, with no power to save—  
Ah! thine, to follow with enfeebled knees  
Thy last-left son in sorrow to the grave.

Yet thine, the genial comforts of the just:  
Yet, "to confirm the feeble knees," were given

Ætherial balms; and from the funeral dust  
The parent rais'd his tearful eye—to heaven!

Thence holy Hope dispers'd thy earthly pain;  
Chas'd every human relic of thy tears,  
And smiling, to her own empyreal train  
Resign'd thee, full of honours—full of years!

Ev'n when decaying nature, at the last,  
As into quiet sleep sunk weary down,  
With holy Hope thy placid moments past;  
Thine eyes still fix'd upon thy heavenly crown!

And, as the period of thy bliss drew nigh,  
Pure angels opening all the blest abode,  
'Twas but the passing of one gentle sigh,  
That told, thy parted spirit was with God.

P.  
*Polwhele*

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IN MEMORY OF THE LATE

*Mrs. DOBSON,*

OF EXETER.

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IF meekness, by affection rais'd, inspire  
The bloom of beauty with a softer fire;  
If quick sincerity the emotion dart,  
That on the lustrous brow displays the heart;  
Entranc'd the magic harmony we see—  
Ah! DOBSON, such as beam'd divine in thee!  
And was it *his*, who knew to prize them most,  
To mourn those dear attractions early lost;  
Trembling, observe intelligence less warm,  
Though sweetly-mild, illumine thy faded form;  
Survey thy meekness languishing in death,  
And catch sincerity's fast-faultering breath?  
Yet though he wore each look that anguish wears,  
And bath'd thy pillow with unceasing tears;  
Though he was doom'd to see thy blushes fly,  
View thy pale lip, and mark thy clouded eye;  
Hail with fond passion its reviving rays,  
And on the last quick sparkle wildly gaze;



Yet could he see, from holy regions brought,  
The conscious smile, that spoke thy placid thought.  
Yet could he see, where death's cold languor stole,  
The cherub Faith, that plum'd thy soaring soul;  
Yet, sooth'd by visions, Faith can only give,  
See, as the *Wife* expir'd, the *Christian* live!

P.  
*Polwhele*

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ONABSENCE.

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AH! who can tell how hard it is to part,  
When Love's enchantments hold the lingering soul;  
Ah! who can tell how many a faithful heart  
Hath felt the horrors of a distant pole,  
And droop'd in absence 'neath affliction's dart;  
Forc'd by derision's taunt, by beauty's scorn,  
And dull delay's procrastinated goal;  
In single wretchedness hath wept forlorn,  
From love and dear embraces rudely torn!

Yet not to all alike ungrateful flies,  
Nor sad alike is separation's hour  
To him, for whom the pencil's magic power  
Has trac'd the unrivall'd shape, and peerless eyes.  
O sweet illusion! art's and nature's dower!  
That from the grave bring'st back the rose's hue,  
And deck'st with promis'd joys the bridal bower;  
To thee my plighted vows I will renew,  
To thee I swear I ever will be true.

Come then, expressive image of my fair,  
Reveal thy beauties to my longing eyes,  
The graceful person, and the matchless air,  
That youthful poets feign, and painters prize.  
With thee my silent widow'd hours I pass,  
And gaze incessant on thy colours sleek,  
To catch, ah me! in dim reflection's glass  
The smile that hangs upon ELIZA's cheek,  
And drink the dulcet words she seems to speak.

W. N.

*Weston*

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TO  
A YOUNG LADY,  
ON THE  
DEATH OF HER CANARY BIRD.

---

PLAC'D in this hall, and in that window hung,  
With what wild sweetness has your warbler sung!  
Oft, as you sat beneath, he swell'd his throat,  
And chattering *Poll* e'en listened to his note.\*

Then, in the lengthen'd harmony of trill,  
Your eye, turn'd upwards, prais'd his artless skill;  
And fresher groundsel, from your hand supply'd,  
Re-paid his music, and re-sooth'd his pride.

But, two days since, the fatal morning rose,  
Big with your own and your *Canary's* woes;  
When, in some high-rai'd extasy of song,  
He burst a vessel, and he fell along.†

\* The Bird was in a cage within the hall at ———; there was a seat in the window, on which the Lady often sat and worked; and there was a noisy parrot on a perch at one corner of the hall.

† At least it was so conjectured, from the appearance of blood in the cage.

That morn you went, unconscious of the day,  
 Squir'd by two Parsons on the *M*—— way;  
 And 'mid the gay jests, as you rode between,  
 Some omens pointed to the coming scene.

Just as you cross'd the *R*—— plain of mud,  
 Your horse tripp'd with you in the shallow flood;  
 And, though secure in each kind Parson's care,  
 It ting'd your pale cheek with the flush of fear.\*

E'en while the converse sweetly sportive play'd,  
 And all attention's flattery was paid;  
 A something still, prophetic of the woe,  
 Hung on your mind, and check'd the mirthful flow.†

Nay, ev'n as *Betty* says, your chamber-bell,  
 Unpull'd, untouch'd, rang out a gentle knell:  
 The fairies toll'd it with their hands divine,  
 And paid a due dirge at their favourite's shrine.

Yet o'er such friends no longer droop in tears,  
 Love presses on you with more weighty cares:  
 Polls, Cats, Canaries, charm the *vacant* soul;  
 But one good lover's fairly worth the whole.‡

W. R.  
*Whitaker*

\* A real incident.——† A sly hint that the Lady was out of humour.

‡ The Lady had a Cat, as well as a Canary-Bird and a Parrot, and she had two or three admirers at the same time.

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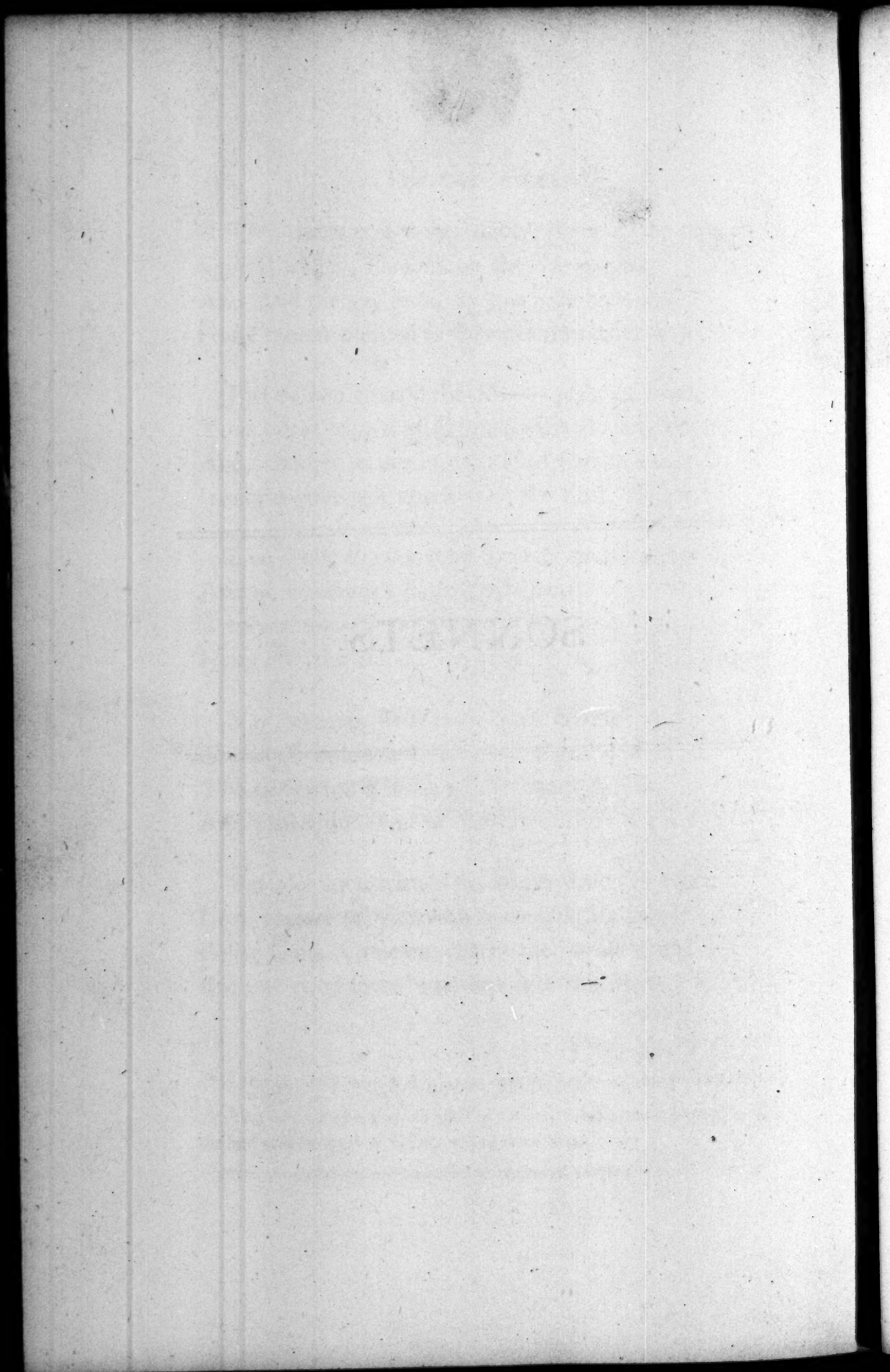
SONNETS.

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*William Shakespeare*





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SONNETS.

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SONNET I.

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TO THE  
*ABBE RAYNAL.*

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FRIEND to the wretch! great patron of mankind!  
Born to enlighten, and reform the age;  
Whose energetic and immortal page,  
From nature's laws, hath every art combin'd  
Of mildest policy; whose soul refin'd  
Melts at the Slave's big tear, with generous rage  
Dares to assert his rights, his griefs assuage,  
And mould to industry the savage mind!  
Heeding thy lore, the Nations blest shall see  
Unbounded commerce, wealth, and peace arise,  
And truth, and spotless faith, and liberty:  
Nor shall thy latest moments want the meed  
Of praise and joy serene, which virtuous deed  
Procures from heaven to cheer the good and wise.

B. E.

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SONNET II.

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TO

*Mr. WARTON,*

ON READING HIS HISTORY OF

*ENGLISH POETRY.*

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'T IS not for muse like mine, in rude essay,  
To paint the beauties of thy classic page,  
Which aye deserve far other patronage  
Than the small meed sincere she fain would pay  
Of verse, grave eulogy, or distich gay;  
For that thou deignst to inform this sapient age  
Whate'er was whilom told by tuneful sage,  
Or harp'd in hall or bower on solemn day:  
But more, for that thy skill, the minstrel throng  
Forbids in cold oblivion's arms to lie,  
"Dear, long-lost masters" of the British song;  
They shall requite thee better far than I;  
And other shades and other climes among,  
Weave thee a laureate wreath that ne'er shall die.

B. E.

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SONNET III.

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TO

*THE EVENING.*

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WHAT numerous tribes beneath thy shadowy wing,  
O mild and modest evening, find delight!  
First, to the grove, his lingering fair to bring,  
The warm and youthful lover, hating light,  
Sighs oft for thee. And next, the boistrous string  
Of school-imps, freed from dame's all-dreaded sight,  
Round village cross, in many a wanton ring,  
Wishes thy stay. Then too with vasty might,  
From steeple's side to urge the bounding ball,  
The lusty hinds await thy fragrant call.  
I, general friend, by turns am join'd with all,  
Lover, and elfin gay, and harmless hind;  
Nor heed the proud, to real wisdom blind,  
So as my heart be pure, and free my mind.

B. E.

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SONNET IV.

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COLD is the senseless heart that never strove  
With the first tumult of a real flame;  
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,  
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love  
The pathless vale, the long-forsaken grove,  
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name  
With ivy mantled o'er. For empty fame  
Let him amid the rabble toil, or rove  
In search of plunder far to Eastern clime.  
Give me, to waste the hours in amorous play  
With DELIA, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme,  
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,  
And all that prodigality of charms  
Form'd to enslave my heart, and grace my lay.

B. E.



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SONNET V.

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WRITTEN IN

*A COUNTRY RETIREMENT.*

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AROUND my porch and lonely casement spread,  
The myrtle never sere, and gadding vine,  
With fragrant sweet-brier love to interwine;  
And in my garden's box-incircled bed  
The pansie pied, and musk-rose white and red;  
The pink, the lily chaste, and sweet woodbine,  
Fling odours round; thick-woven eglantine  
Decks my trim fence; in which, by silence led,  
The wren hath wisely built her mossy cell,  
Shelter'd from storms, in courtly land so rife,  
And nestles o'er her young, and warbles well.  
'Tis here with innocence in peaceful glen  
I pass my blameless moments far from men,  
Nor wishing death too soon, nor asking life.

B. E.

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SONNET VI.

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TO THE

*Rev. R. POLWHELE,*

ON SEEING HIS PLAN FOR

*A HISTORY OF DEVONSHIRE,*1790.

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O'ER barren ground, my friend! thou tak'st thy way,  
Where scarcely blows a solitary flower;  
Not in these haunts obscure the Muses stray,  
Nor here hath Fancy rais'd her myrtle bower.  
Yet, should Encouragement with gentle voice  
Bid thee amid the desert rocks proceed,  
Should liberal Candour sanctify thy choice,  
And mark each step, her smile the promis'd meed,  
Thou wilt not shrink: for GENIUS early taught  
To stoop beneath chaste Reason's sway austere,  
The undissipated soul with LEARNING fraught,  
Can change their subject. Firmly persevere;  
And scorning obstacles, a victory gain  
Where labouring Dullness still would plod in vain.

D.

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SONNET VII.

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THE  
*HERMIT,*  
TO HIS  
*PATRONESSES,*

WRITTEN IN A HERMITAGE, BUILT WITH MUCH TASTE BY  
FIVE SISTERS, AT POWICK IN WORCESTERSHIRE,

1774.

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YE Sisters honour'd, to whose breasts benign  
This my belov'd and calm retreat I owe,  
Around my cell who bad the wild thyme grow,  
And gadding ivy with the sweetbriar twine;  
At whose command the tufted flowers combine,  
And blushing pinks with azure hare-bells blow!  
Within your roseate bowers will I bestow  
The votive lay at Nature's rustic shrine:  
There, kind protectors! shall my willing reed  
To every upland fair and bushy dell  
Proclaim your praise, in strains sincere, though rude;  
Nor you despise his tributary meed,  
Your countless favours who in vain would tell,  
And ease a heart that swells with gratitude.

D. R.

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SONNET VIII.

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MARIA, fairest of the virgin train,  
On *Vaga's* banks, that roam at close of day,  
When faintly gleams the Sun's declining ray,  
And lengthen'd shadows stretch along the plain;  
Say, will that breast unconscious of disdain,  
Pure as the opening bud that paints the May,  
Accept an humble Shepherd's artless lay,  
And ease with lenient smiles a Lover's pain?  
So shall his oaten reed, which late forlorn  
By its sad master's side in silence hung,  
Consign'd to dumb despair, no longer mourn,  
But tune its happiest notes the woods among;  
To deserts wild shall pale-ey'd care be borne,  
While love and beauty animate his song.

D. R.

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SONNET IX.

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TO THE  
*SOUTH DOWNS,*

WRITTEN AT NEW GROVE IN SUSSEX, AFTER READING  
MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH'S SONNETS.

1789.

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YE boldly circling hills! that bound my view,  
And lift your verdant ramparts to the sky,  
Would I were gifted with sweet poesy  
To hail your steeps sublime in numbers due!  
For oft at early dawn your summits blue  
From billowy mists emerging I descry,  
And oft, when *Phæbus* drives his car on high,  
Gaze on your changeful scenery ever new.  
Yet not for this so much do I aspire  
My artless strain of reverence to pay,  
As that the Mistress of the Pensive Lyre  
On your lov'd brow has tun'd her tenderest lay;  
In sweetest notes has given your heights to fame,  
And in your praise immortaliz'd her name.

D. R.

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SONNET X.

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TO

*A LADY.*

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THOUGH *Fashion*, proud of such an envied part,  
May wreaths prepare more worthy charms like thine;  
O yet disdain not him whose humbler art  
A rural garland thus hath tried to twine:  
Of *violets* 'tis made, that first appear  
Type of thy maiden sweets and early worth;  
Of *jasmin*, like thy virtue, white and clear,  
That needs no sun to draw its blossoms forth;  
And blooming *roses*, bath'd in gentle dew,  
That best, of all the vernal flowery race,  
Express both loveliness and pity too,  
Like the soft lustre of thy beauteous face:  
O blest! to whom those looks propitious prove,  
Who *myrtle boughs* may add, the symbols sweet of  
LOVE.

E.

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SONNET XI.

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TO THE SAME.

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ONCE more, sweet witching *Star of Beauty*, hail!  
Once more, with partial glance, a minstrel rude  
The shade forsakes of his sequester'd vale,  
And ranges where thy heavenly light is view'd:  
*That light*, that so enchantingly combines  
The dawn of virtue with the morn of youth;  
*That light*, that from thy angel-aspect shines  
In lavish loveliness and radiant truth.  
The wandering wretch, whose soul the beams of grace  
Had first surpris'd at some auspicious shrine,  
Returns a grateful pilgrim to the place,  
To adore his saint—thus I return to mine;  
And thus to that bright source, whose charming rays  
Inspir'd me first, prefer my grateful lays.

E.





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SONNET XII.

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SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY

CHATTERTON.

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UNHAPPY he, whose pensive reed still rues  
The cruel sway of unrelenting fate;  
Who, when soft smiling scenes of joy he views,  
Can but contrast them with *his* wretched state;  
To whom, in forming, Nature deign'd to impart  
Those gifts the gentle Muses hold the first,  
A glowing fancy, and a feeling heart;  
But gifts, in adverse fortune, how accurst!  
To faithful love who well could tune his voice,  
But where 's the sympathizing fair to attend?  
Whose liberal bosom pants to make a choice  
To friendship sacred, yet can meet no friend—  
Nay worse, though unoffending, seems to find  
Conspiring enemies in all mankind!

E.

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SONNET XIII.

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TO

*A FRIEND.*

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THE sweetest efforts of the tuneful art,  
Are Beauty to portray, and Merit praise;  
Beauty first fires the youthful Poet's heart,  
Remoter Merit claims maturer lays.  
The patriot senator of manly sense,  
The leader able, who, with martial skill,  
Makes ev'n rude peasants, for the state's defence,  
Alike alert or steady at his will;  
The polish'd manner, and the taste refin'd,  
The cheerful friend, and unassuming lord;  
These are the qualities, that, when combin'd,  
Had I but power to blazon, I'd record:  
And then to apply and dignify my lines,  
I'd tell the world—'Tis thus that ORCHARD shines!

E.

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SONNET XIV.

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HE well the passion of an haughty heart  
May to his mistress confidently plead,  
Who costly gifts can lavishly impart;  
He well may sue whose wealth will soon succeed.  
But he whom independent Nature fram'd,  
Disdaining at his birth blind Fortune's aid,  
Though with the noblest sense of love inflam'd,  
Yet ne'er must he address his charming maid:  
No, (worse than death!) he tears himself away,  
Recedes from all his suffering soul holds dear:  
But should the generous Nymph, some glorious day,  
Shed o'er his woes a sympathizing tear;  
Preferr'd, at length, and to her bosom prest,—  
Thy minions, Fortune, ne'er were half so blest.

E.





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SONNET XV.

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TO

*JULIA.*

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A Pensive wanderer, compell'd to rove  
From thy dear converse and enchanting smiles,  
To mitigate the woes of sever'd love,  
Thus oft, with Fancy's aid, the time beguiles.  
I think I trace my charming JULIA there,  
Where'er the hand of Nature strews a sweet;  
And through the seasons, as they mark the year,  
Memorials still of all her beauties meet.  
The tender graces of the youthful Spring,  
The glowing loveliness of Summer mild,  
The ripe luxuriance Autumn loves to fling  
Abroad, are thine—but oh, through Winter wild,  
Dreary and joyless all around, I see  
No emblem but of banishment from thee!

E.

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SONNET XVI.

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TO THE  
*LARK*  
ON  
*DARTMOOR.*

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SWEET soaring minstrel of the wild, I hear  
The pleasing music of thy tuneful throat,  
As welcome o'er the desert to mine ear,  
As to benighted hinds the matin note.  
I thank thee, warbler, for thy cheering lay,  
But why in such a barren lonely dell,  
While other scenes the vernal sweets display,  
A wing'd recluse art thou content to dwell?  
O, yet I trace the motives in thy song,  
For freedom now the lofty burthen bears,  
And now a tenderer strain is pour'd along,  
And love is breath'd with all its charming cares:  
Thus, though ev'n here sequester'd dost thou prove  
Life's dearest blessings, Liberty and Love.

E.

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SONNET XVII.

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TO

*A YOUNG LADY OF FOURTEEN,*

ON HER

PRESENTING THE AUTHOR WITH

*A LOCK OF HER HAIR.*

1790.

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TAKE, as I treasure, with a sigh, thy hair,  
The tenderest wishes of affection take;  
Nor shall I blush to guard with partial care  
This auburn ringlet, for thy charming sake.  
Too soon its kindred tresses, where it grew,  
Tortur'd by all the tricks of varying dress,  
Must lose the brightness of their beauteous hue;  
Too soon must art their easy flow repress.  
Yet never may capricious fashion stain,  
My lovely girl! thy pure angelic mind;  
Never the young simplicity restrain,  
That sports, with sweet attraction, unconfin'd!  
So shall my MARY's gift, unchang'd by art,  
Be the dear emblem of her genuine heart!

F.



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SONNET

OF

MARY STUART,

QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON HER DEPARTURE FROM CALAIS TO HER OWN KINGDOM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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FAREWELL, sweet seat of innocence and mirth,  
Where first my breast to youthful joys beat true:  
O France! thou dearest region of the earth,  
And you, my early blissful days, adieu!  
The bark that seems to bear me thus away,  
Yet bears of me, poor exile, but a part;  
In thy lov'd haunts, where I was wont to stray,  
I've left the prime affections of my heart:  
These still are thine, nor am I quite bereft,  
If but with these thy fostering smiles agree;  
For still, recurring to its pledges left,  
My sympathizing soul shall tend to thee.

F.

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## SONGS.

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## SONGS.

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No song is there  
That shall be  
But every one will love  
His own song and his own love

Descending from the sky  
The angelic host  
Disced the world was left  
She always loved the song

Like a field the heart of the song  
Of its own heart  
And makes its own song  
Conquered with its own song

MARY STEART.

SONGS.



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SONGS.

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FOR THE  
ANTIMUSICAL SOCIETY.

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PRESIDENT.

No envy in this lodge appears,  
Nor strife to us belongs, sir;  
But every one attentive hears  
His neighbour sing his song, sir.

FIRST SINGER.

Unpleasing notes to married ear,  
The cuckow\* he doth jingle;  
Discord the sounds can never fear,  
She always liveth single.

SECOND SINGER.

Echo in fields the horn doth cheat  
Of its discordant sounds, sir,  
And makes its notes appear most sweet,  
Contrasted with our hounds, sir.

---

\* An allusion to the Ode to Discord.

Let us (the horn will sound once more)  
 Bark while the time's before us;  
 Discord will bellow out *encore*;  
 And echo join in chorus.

## FIRST SINGER.

Now let your steady ears be bent,  
 The comb its hum is pouring;  
 'Twas *Mercury's*\* own instrument,  
 When *Jove*, sir, went a whoring,

The good old *Argus* lull'd to sleep,  
 Pleas'd by the gentle measure;  
 And *Jove* no longer forc'd to peep,  
 Kiss'd *Juno* at his leisure.

The dame rewarding well the boy,  
 For quieting the fox, sir,  
 He gave her the ingenious toy,  
 To comb her husband's locks, sir,

## GRAND HERALD.†

In war the trumpet's sound to arms  
 Is Discord's favourite boast, sir;  
 In peace it gives the same alarms,  
 By sounding for the toast, sir.

D. E.

\* *Mercury's* lyre was a testudo, or tortoise-shell.

† The great herald has a trumpet to announce the time for giving the toast, and also to command silence.

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TO  
*A LADY.*

---

IT is not form, it is not grace,  
'Tis not the bloom that paints the face,  
That in my MATTY I admire,  
Or in my breast awakes desire.  
Though she possesses all the charms  
Can bless the fondest lover's arms,  
Yet charms (the pride of half the fair)  
But mean in EDWARD's eyes appear.  
Thy prudence, strange in one so young;  
Thy sweetest melody of tongue;  
Thy temper calm as summer seas;  
Thy winning softness, matchless ease,  
Thy fond anxiety to please;  
Thy skill in every soothing art  
To melt the soul, or warm the heart;  
Place my MATTY far above  
E'en scepter'd queens in EDWARD's love.  
A——N, to one pursuit confin'd,  
To dress, to lure, to jilt mankind,  
May laugh, may flirt without a cause,  
And barter fame to gain applause.

}



I too, perhaps, (but frown not you)  
May pay the tithe to fashion due;  
Indulge those hopes my pride supplies,  
And court a smile from A——N's eyes.  
But might I wish, to crown my days,  
A maid with every charm to please,  
To rid my breast from jarring strife,  
And smooth the rugged paths of life;  
Then may'st thou grant my fond desire,  
And to my humble cot retire!  
In those soft arms content I'll rest,  
And, pleasing thee, myself be blest.

D. E.

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SONG.

---

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O Urge not with that honied tongue,  
What I must disapprove;  
Your lips your other beauties wrong,  
Forbidding one to love:  
For while you speak, and would persuade,  
Though sweet your accents roll,  
Your charms, yet more persuasive made,  
Still more subdue my soul.

Cold reasons, from an alien source,  
Too partially you use;  
But these, against your beauty's force,  
Their own force quickly lose:  
O let your words and looks agree,  
Nor longer love controul;  
But with consenting sympathy  
Still more subdue my soul.

E.



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SONG.

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---

THE DECLARATION.

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---

AT first I innocently gaz'd  
On thy expressive angel-face;  
Thy looks of loveliness I prais'd,  
Thy form of symmetry and grace.

I heard too, falling from thy tongue,  
Strains yet more grateful to our ears,  
Than those by *Philamela* sung  
To nature all dissolv'd in tears:

I heard, nor thought of love, though still,  
In listening, far—far more than pleas'd;  
I look'd, nor e'er controll'd my will  
To gaze, 'till all my soul was seiz'd.

But rous'd to consciousness at last,  
And reach'd the crisis of my fate,  
E'en while I dare declare the past,  
I tremble for my future state.



Yet, trusting to thy feeling heart,  
The future must propitious prove;  
The power can ne'er despair impart,  
Whose every emanation's love.

As well—to Mercy's altar driven,  
While meek the suppliant breathes his prayer,  
Might Mercy's self destroy, when given  
The blest alternative to spare.

E.

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*HUNTING SONG.\**

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THE portals of the East divide;  
The orient dawn is just descried,  
                                Mild and grey:  
The starry fires elude the sight;  
The shadows fly, before the light,  
                                Far away.

Now hark! the woodland haunt is found!  
For now the merry bugles sound  
                                Their sylvan lay:  
As each sweet measure floats along,  
Sweet echo wakes her mimic song  
                                Far away.

\* It has been observed of Sporting Songs, in general, that they too frequently abound in instances of unmeaning boisterousness, and unfeeling cruelty; and that they are found to be, in course, both harsh to the ear, and shocking to humanity. As this false taste must proceed more from a mechanical imitation of the meanest phrases of the field, than real observations from nature, the above is an attempt at a less offensive species of Hunting Song; wherein objects which are thought to be the most pleasing only are described, without introducing the garbage of innocent victims, or dwelling on the ingeniously cruel arts either of tormenting or of executing them.

The stag, now rous'd, right onward speeds!  
O'er hill and dale, the moor and meads,

He's fain to stray;

His flight the shouting peasants view;  
His steps the dashing hounds pursue  
Far away.

All day, untir'd, his route we trace,  
Exulting in the joyous chace

Of such a day!

At length, at mild eve's twilight gleam,  
He's *taken* in the valley-stream,  
Far away.

E.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



The stage now roars'd, right onward spedal  
 O'er hill and dale, the moor and meads,  
 He's fair to stay;

His flight the shouting peasants view;  
 His steps the dashing hounds pursue

Far away.

All day, merr'd, his route we trace  
 Exulting in the joyous chase

Oh such a day!

At length, at mild eve's twilight gleam,

He's seen in the valley stream.

Far away.

B.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

